

No. 26

APRIL, 1939

64
PAGES
OF
Thrill-Packed
ACTION

Detective COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

10¢



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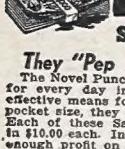
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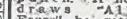
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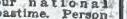
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THE LUCKY GUY... 10c



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ILLUSTRATIONS. PRICE POSTAGE... 25c



THE LUCKY GUY... 25c



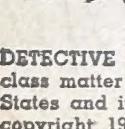
Baseball Punch Card... 25c



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Holes. They'll all try and get the hole in interest.



You're Out! tickets pay nothing. Good all the year around, and never



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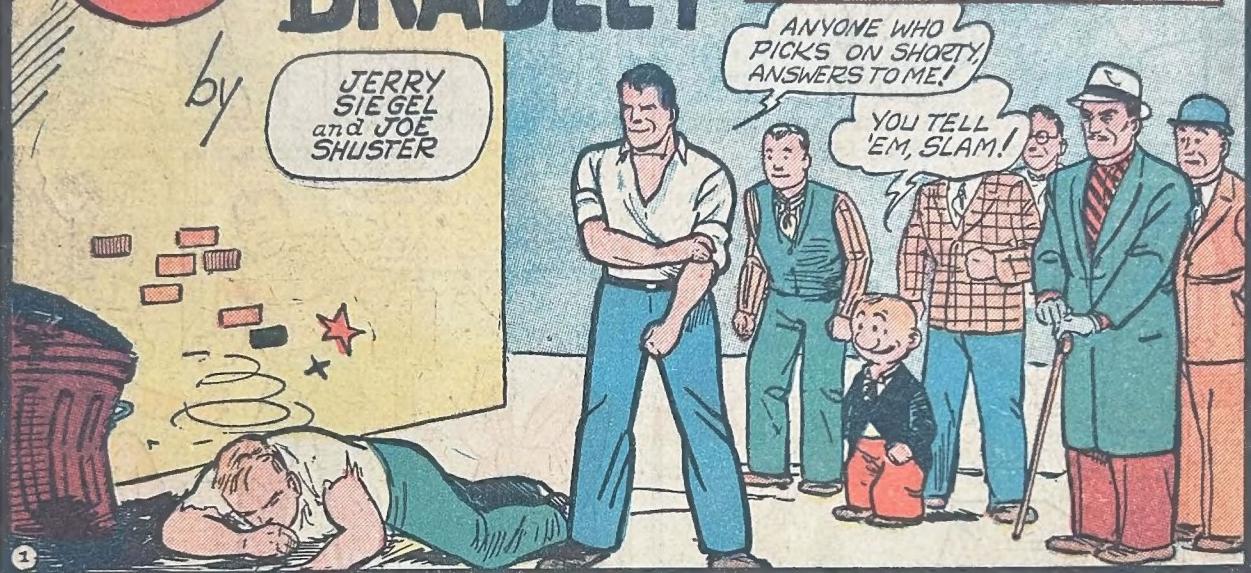
ILLUSTRATIONS. PRICE POSTAGE... 25c</

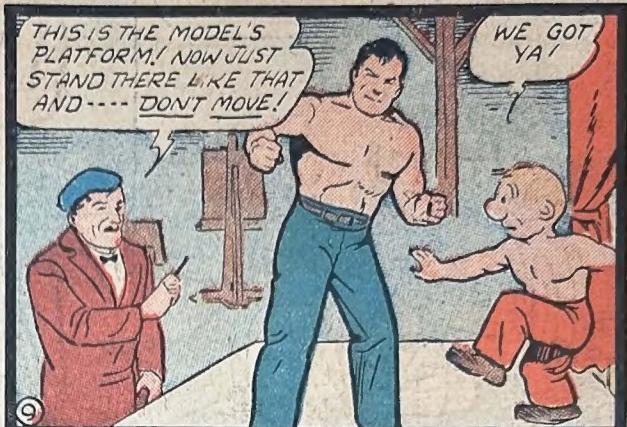
SLAM BRADLEY

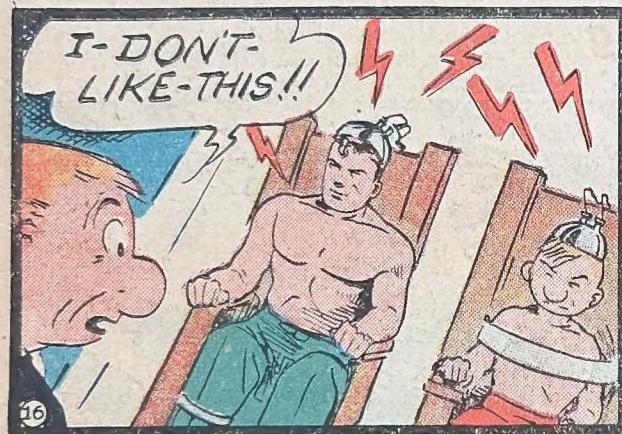
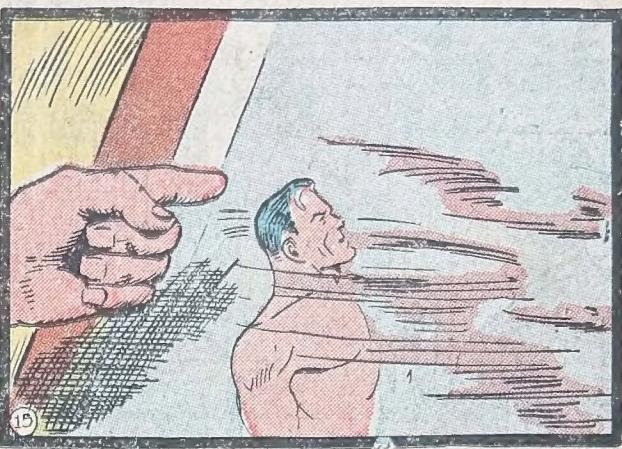
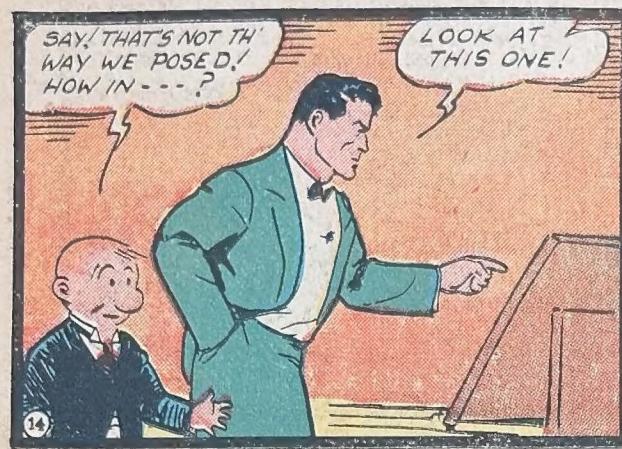
by

JERRY
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

WHANGO! -- NO, DEAR READER, THAT WAS NOT A CANNON EXPLODING --- IT WAS MERELY THE SOUND OF SLAM BRADLEY'S FIST CONNECTING WITH THE APEX OF AN OPPONENT'S JAW. IT SEEMS SOMEONE DIDN'T LIKE SHORTY'S FACE, COMMENTED UPON IT AND AROUSED SLAM'S IRE. OUR HOT-TEMPERED DETECTIVE FRIEND LET FLY A TERRIFIC LEFT HOOK ---- AND THUS: THE WHANGO!!

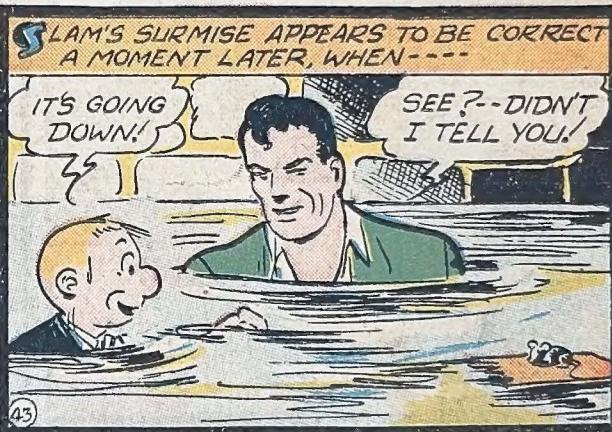


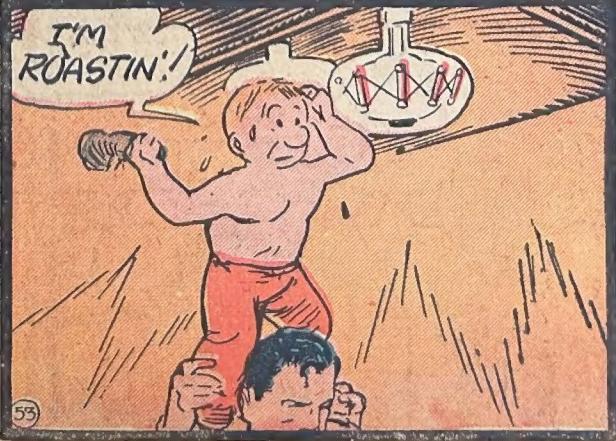
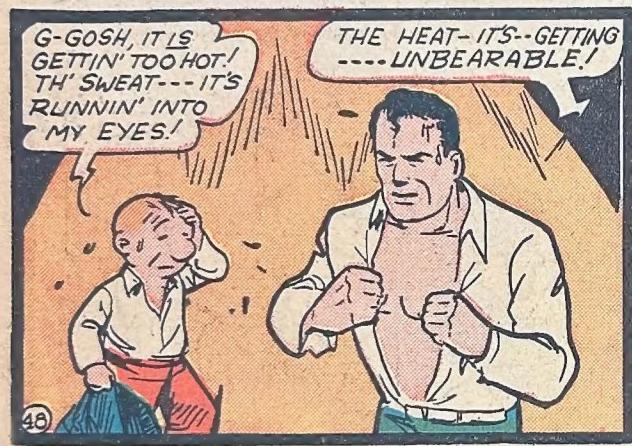
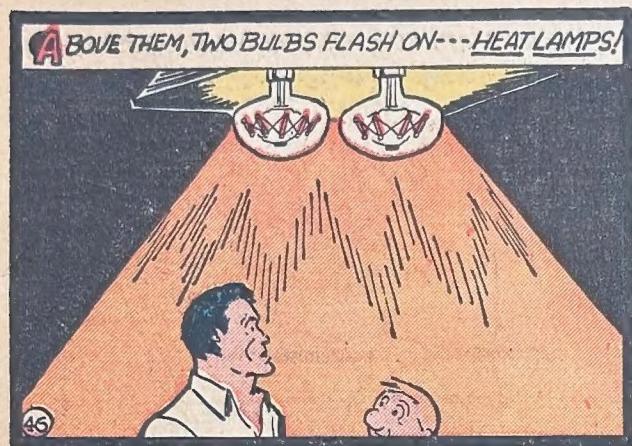


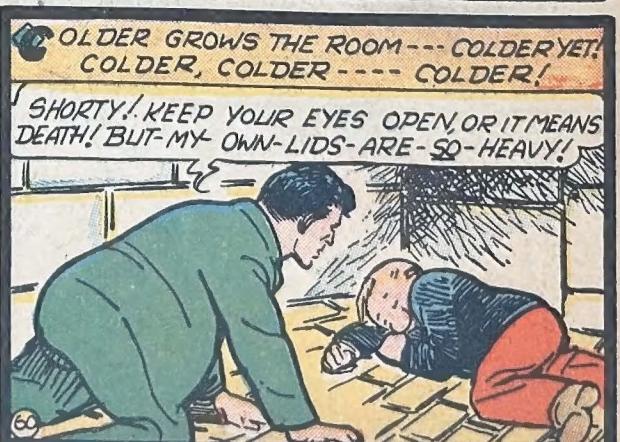
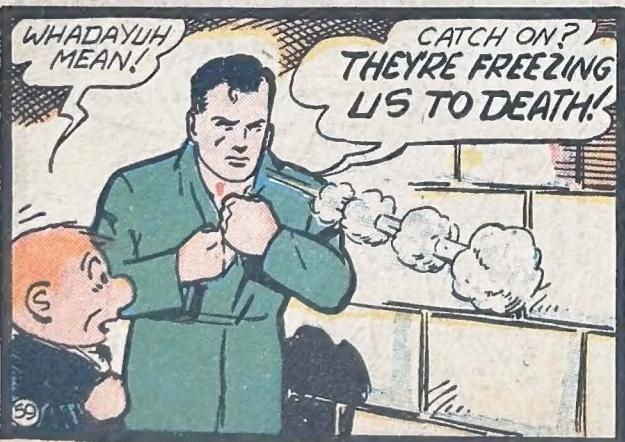
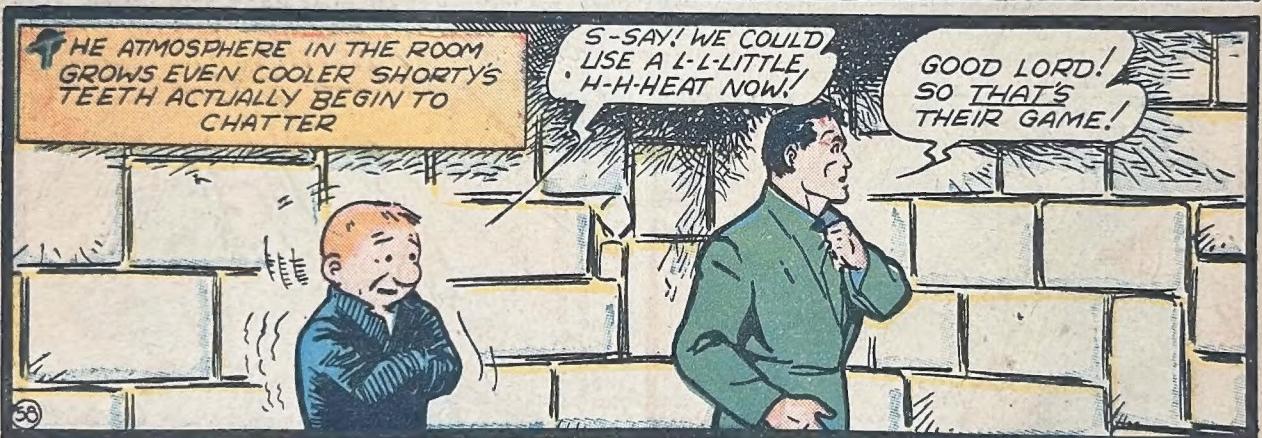




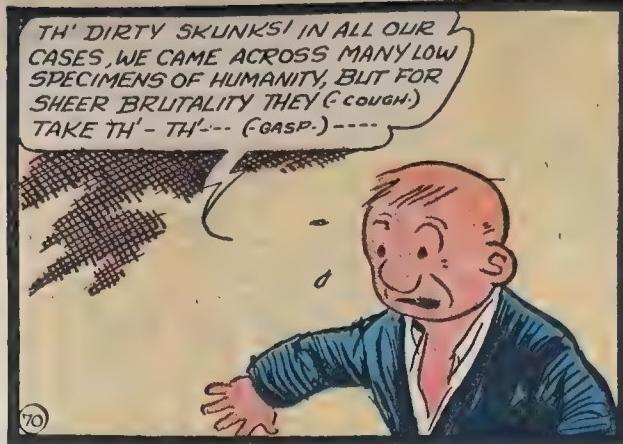


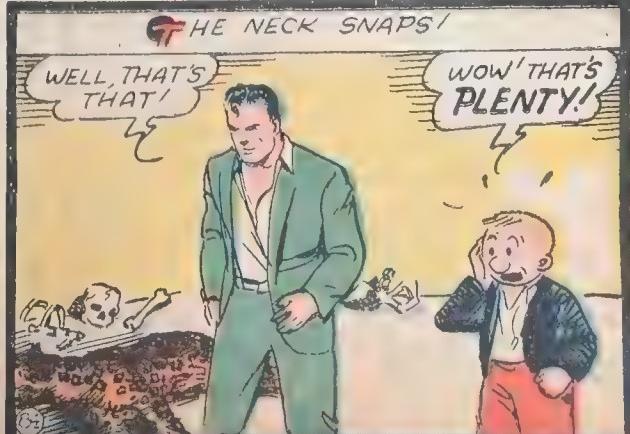
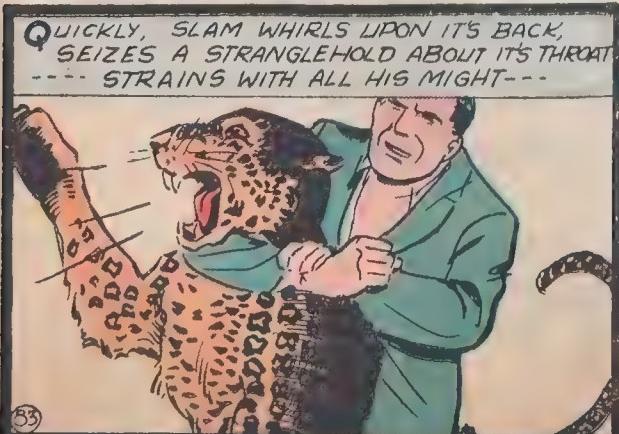
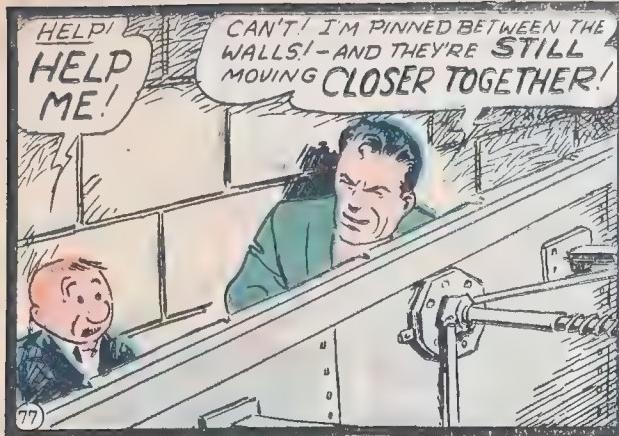


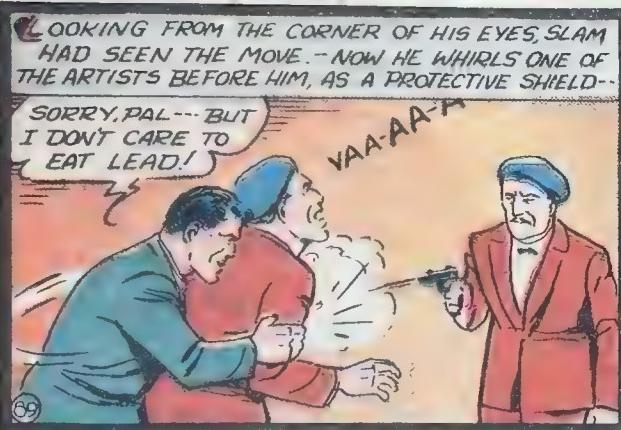
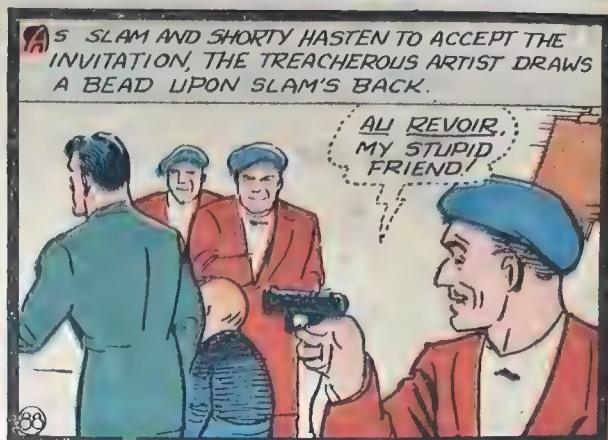
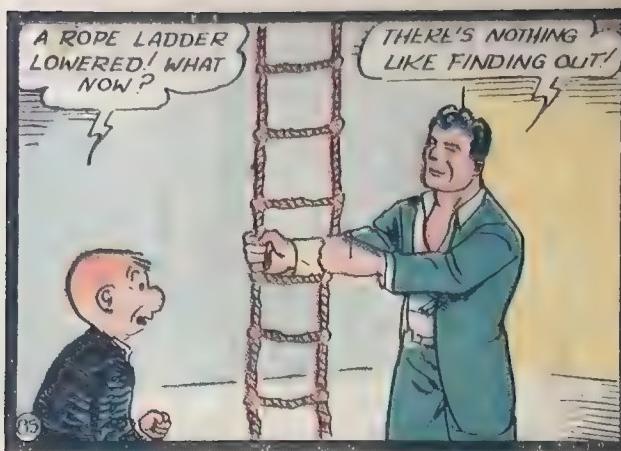


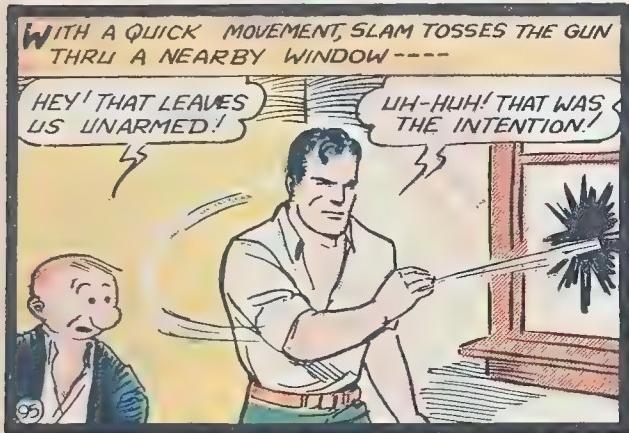












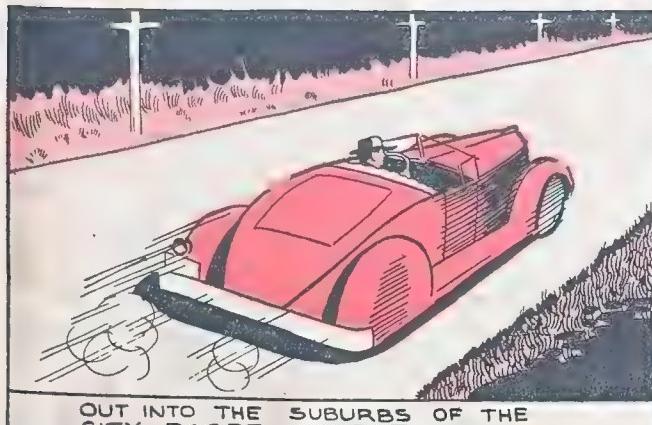
STEVE MALONE

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

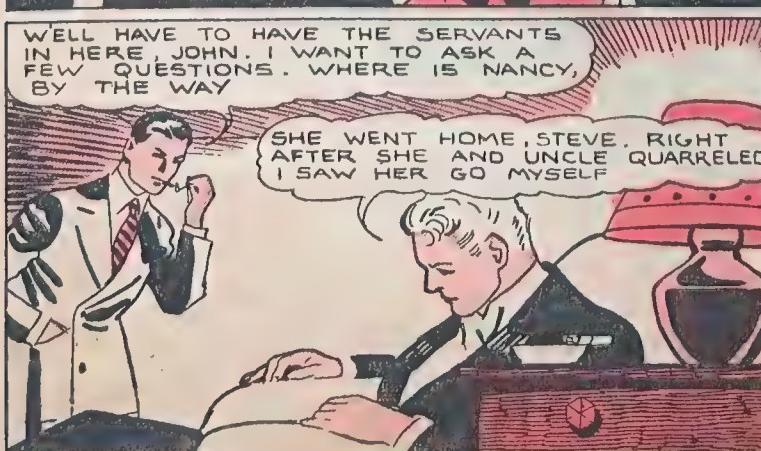


DISTRICT ATTORNEY MALONE AT THE HOUSE PARTY GIVEN BY THE WEALTHY VAN DORNS OVERHEARS A QUARREL...

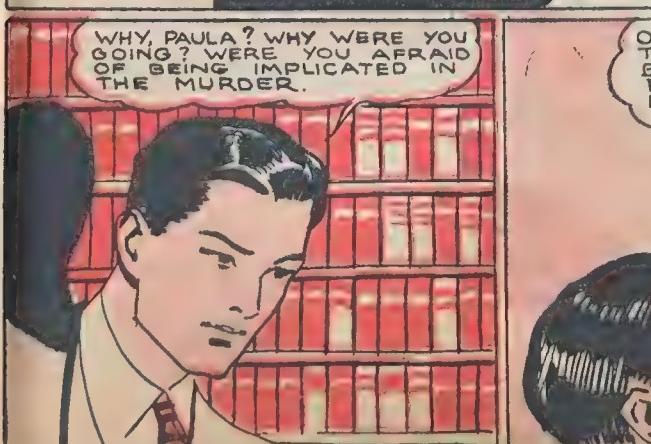


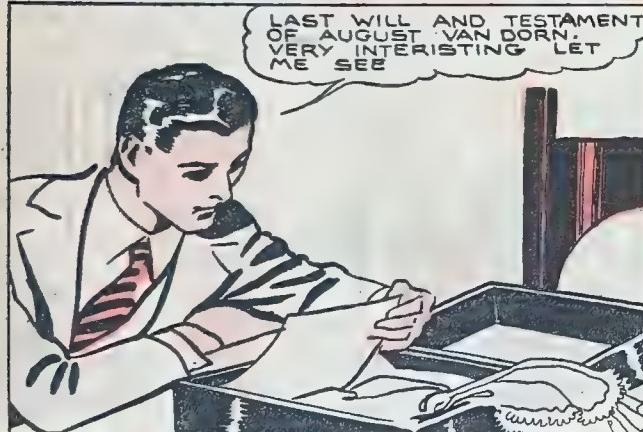
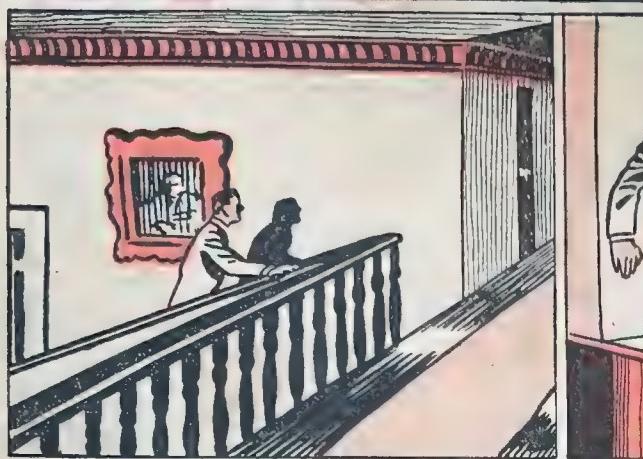


OUT INTO THE SUBURBS OF THE CITY RACES MALONE







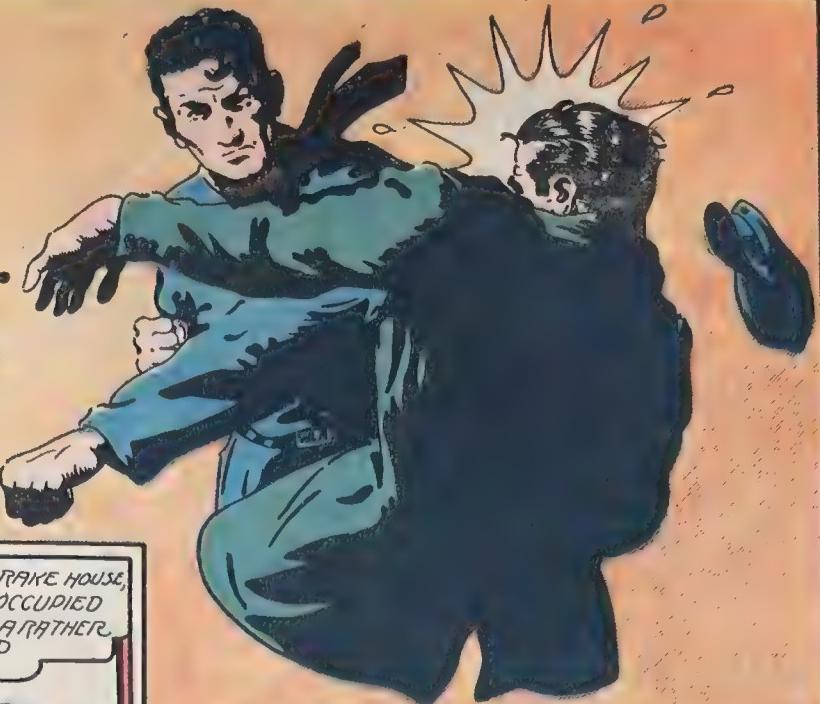




Bruce NELSON.

IN.

BACK FROM THE
DEAD.



YOU SAY, CHIEF, THAT THIS OLD SHELDRAKE HOUSE, IS SUPPOSEDLY HAUNTED, HAS BEEN UNOCCUPIED FOR SIX YEARS, AND IS NOW RENTED TO A RATHER SUSPICIOUS COUPLE NAMED WATSON?



THAT'S RIGHT. ALTHOUGH THESE PEOPLE HAVENT DONE ANYTHING TO ROUSE ANY SUSPICION, I JUST THOUGHT IT ODD THAT ANYONE WOULD RENT THAT OLD PLACE WITH SO MANY OTHER HOUSES TO CHOOSE FROM. THERE MUST BE A REASON.

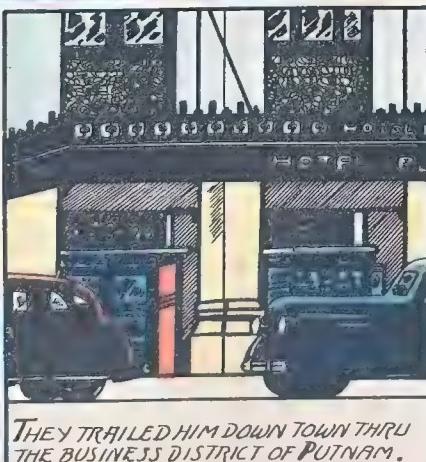


FOR THREE DAYS NELSON AND INSPECTOR HENDERSON KEPT A CLOSE WATCH ON THE HOUSE BUT FAILED TO SEE ANYONE ABOUT.

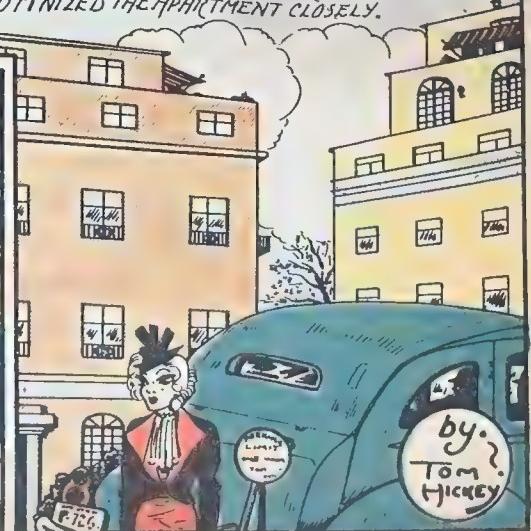


THE CAR PULLED UP IN FRONT OF A LARGE, MODERN APARTMENTHOUSE. WATSON PARKED HIS CAR AND WENT INSIDE. NELSON STOPPED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET AND SCRUTINIZED THE APARTMENT CLOSELY.

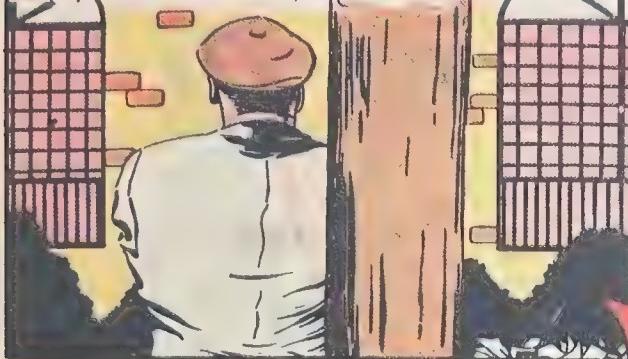
ON THE FOURTH DAY THEY SAW A MAN COME OUT AND CLIMB INTO A CAR WITH NEW YORK PLATES.



THEY TRAILED HIM DOWN TOWN THRU THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF PUTNAM.



SHORTLY A MAN SAUNTERED UP THE SIDEWALK. HE LEANED AGAINST A POLE AND JEEMED TO BE EYEING A CERTAIN WINDOW IN THE APARTMENT CASUALLY.

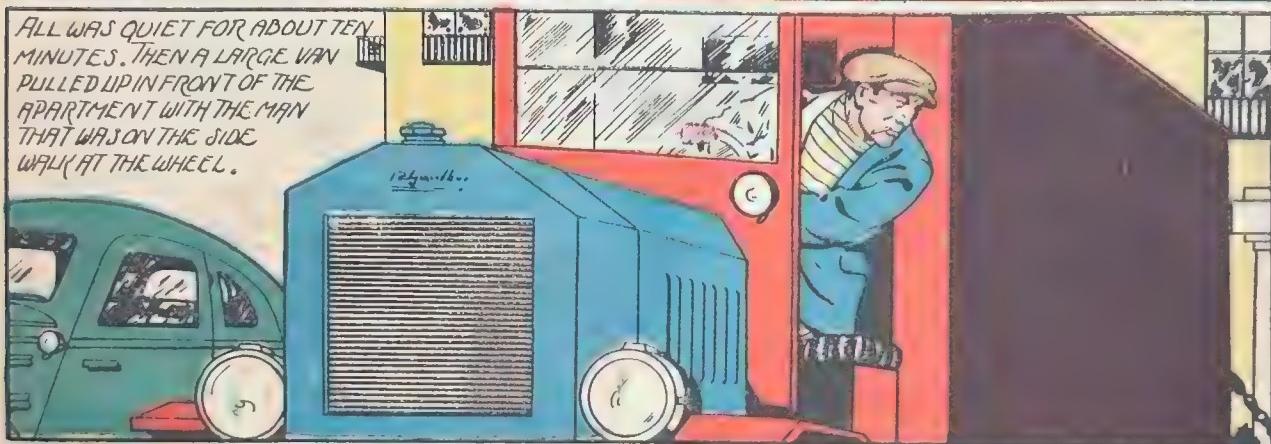


WATCHING THE WINDOW CLOSELY, NELSON SAW THE VENETIAN BLINDS RAISE AND LOWER TWICE.

SEE THAT HENDERSON! IT MUST BE A SIGNAL TO THE MAN DOWN ON THE SIDEWALK. SEE! HE'S WALKING AWAY!



ALL WAS QUIET FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES. THEN A LARGE VAN PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE APARTMENT WITH THE MAN THAT WAS ON THE SIDEWALK AT THE WHEEL.

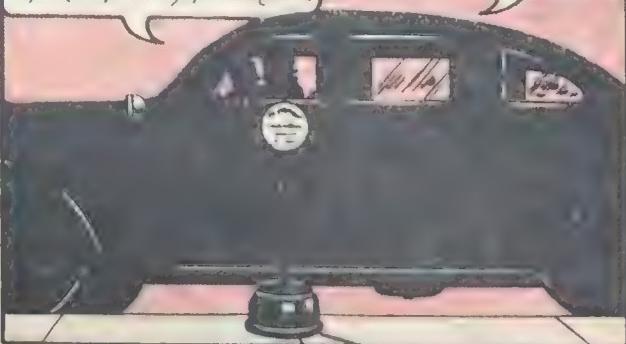


PRESIDENTLY TWO MEN CARRYING A LARGE PACKING CASE CAME OUT AND LOADED IT ON TO THE VAN.



I'D GIVE MY RIGHT ARM TO KNOW WHAT WAS IN THAT PACKING CASE, HENDERSON.

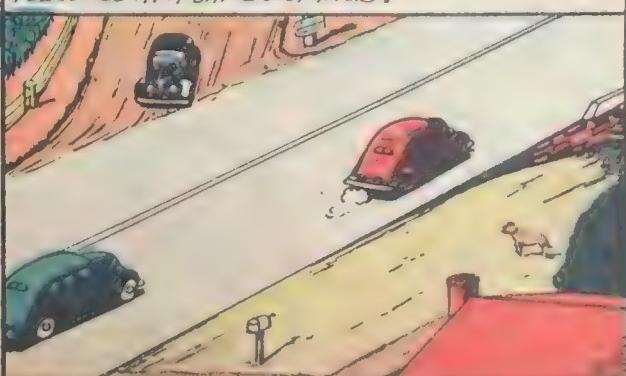
LET'S FOLLOW THEM AND MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT.



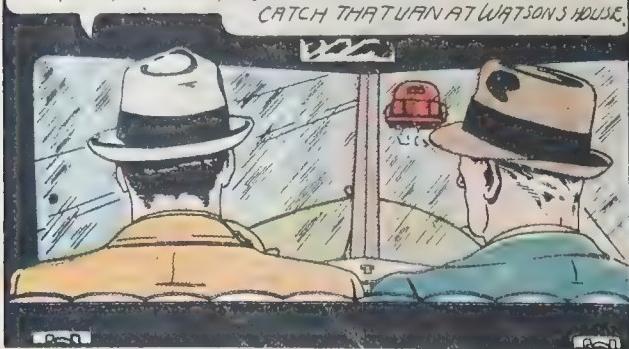
NO, I'M GOING TO WAIT FOR WHITSON. HE'S THE MAN WE'VE GOT TO WATCH. HERE HE COMES OUT NOW.



WHITSON GOT INTO HIS CAR AND DROVE AWAY. NELSON FOLLOWED AT A SAFE DISTANCE.



I THINK WATSON'S WISE TOUS FOLLOWING HIM. HE'S TAKING US OUT INTO THE COUNTRY, TRYING TO SHAKE US. I'M GOING TO CUT BACK IN TO TOWN. I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL CATCH THAT VAN AT WATSON'S HOUSE.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER THEY NEARED WATSON'S HOUSE. LOOK! THERE IN THE DRIVEWAY! THAT'S THE VAN!



HENDERSON, I'VE GOT TO GET INTO THAT HOUSE!
— I'VE GOT A PLAN! LISTEN! — TOMORROW —



THE NEXT DAY FINDS NELSON DRESSED IN THE UNIFORM OF THE DRAKE COUNTY LIGHTING COMPANY.

NOW HENDERSON, KEEP YOUR EYES ON WATSON'S HOUSE. IF I DON'T COME OUT IN HALF AN HOUR YOU AND MCMILLAN HERE COME AFTER ME.



NELSON KNOCKED AT WATSON'S REAR DOOR. A LARGE, HANDSOME WOMAN ANSWERED.



JIM! HERE'S A MAN FROM THE LIGHTING COMPANY TO CHECK THE ELECTRIC METER.



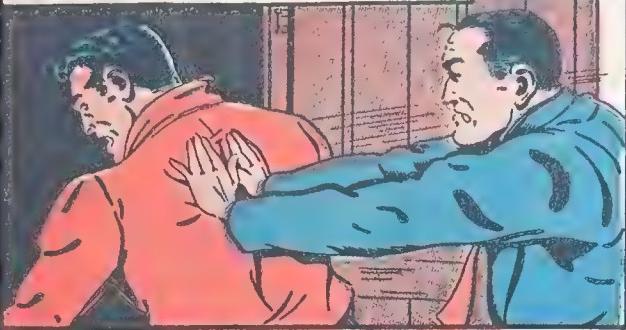
WATSON APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY. AS NELSON STARTED FOR WHAT LOOKED TO BE THE CELLAR DOOR, HE SPOKE SHARPLY.



THAT'S THE WRONG DOOR. IT'S THAT ONE OVER THERE.



NELSON OPENED THE DOOR WATSON POINTED TO. IT WAS PITCH DARK INSIDE. SUDDENLY HE RECEIVED A POWERFUL SHOKE. HE PLUNGED FORWARD. THE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT BEHIND HIM AND HE HEARD THE LOCK CLICK.



HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A DARK CLOSET. WATSON SMOKE.

I'VE BEEN EXPECTIN' YOU COPPER! I HOPE YOU HAD A NICE RIDE YESTERDAY, TRYIN' TO TRAIL ME.



YOU OUGHT TO CHECK UP MORE CLOSELY COPPER. YOUR ELECTRIC METER GAG DIDN'T WORK. YOU SEE, THIS HOUSE IS PRETTY OLD. THERE ISN'T ANY ELECTRICITY. WE USE OIL LAMPS.



THIS PLACE IS GETTING TOO HOT CAROL. I'M AFRAID THE COPS ARE ON TO US. WE'LL HAVE TO BLOW. GET THE CAR OUT OF THE GARAGE AND RUN IT UP CLOSE TO THE BACK DOOR.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



I'M GOING TO GET ALL THE STUFF OUT OF THE VEGETABLE CELLAR, PACK IT IN THE CAR AND BEAT IT. WE CAN'T STAY HERE ANY LONGER.

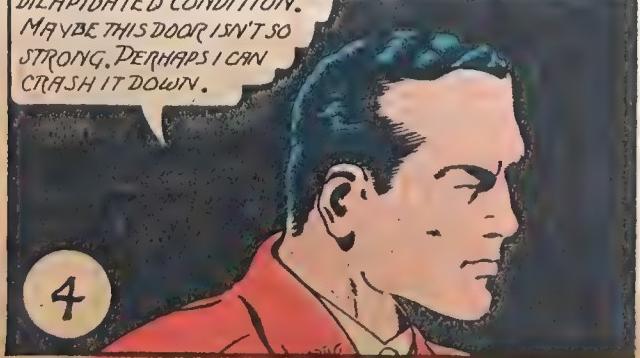
WHAT ABOUT THE FLATFOOT IN THE CLOSET?



WHEN WE GET READY, I'LL SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE. THAT WILL DESTROY ANY EVIDENCE, AND MR. FLATFOOT TOO.



IF THIS PLACE IS SO OLD IT DOESN'T HAVE ELECTRICITY, IT PROBABLY IS IN PRETTY DILAPIDATED CONDITION. MAYBE THIS DOOR ISN'T SO STRONG. PERHAPS I CAN CRASH IT DOWN.



NELSON THREW ALL OF HIS 190 POUNDS OF BONE AND MUSCLE AGAINST THE DOOR. IT SHUDDERED BUT HELD.

ONE MORE GOOD WALLOP SHOULD DO IT.



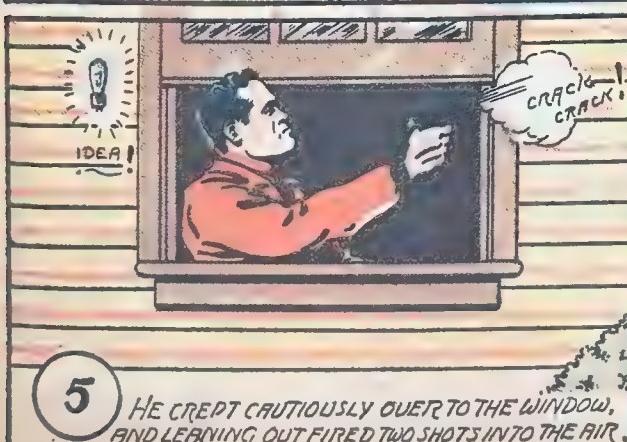
ONCE AGAIN HE THREW HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE DOOR. THERE WAS A TEARING, SPLINTERING SOUND AND NELSON PLUNGED OUT INTO THE KITCHEN.



NELSON CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHED THE CELLAR DOOR. HE CROUCHED AGAINST THE WALL ALONG SIDE OF IT.



WHILE WATSON WAS TALKING NELSON ATTEMPTED TO TAKE HIM UNAWARES. HE SHOWED HIMSELF AND INSTANT AND FIRED RAPIDLY INTO THE DARK CELLAR.



5

HE CREST CAUTIOUSLY OVER TO THE WINDOW, AND LEAVING OUT FIRED TWO SHOTS INTO THE AIR.

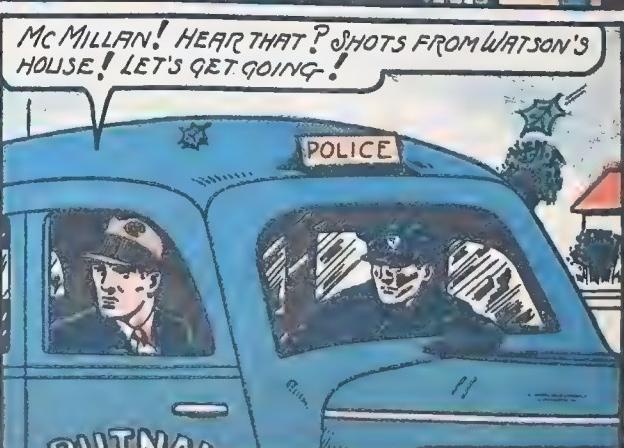
•• WHILE DOWN IN THE CELLAR ••

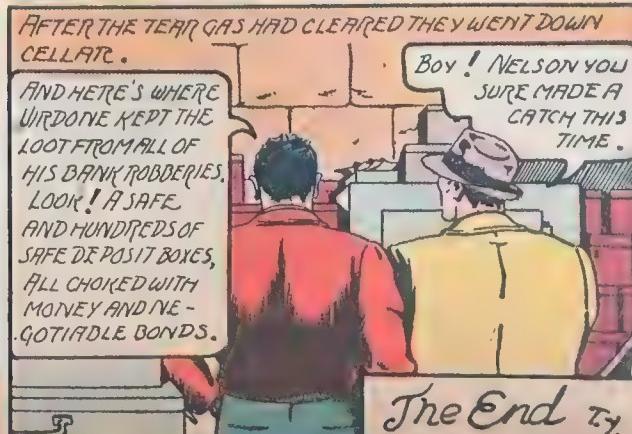
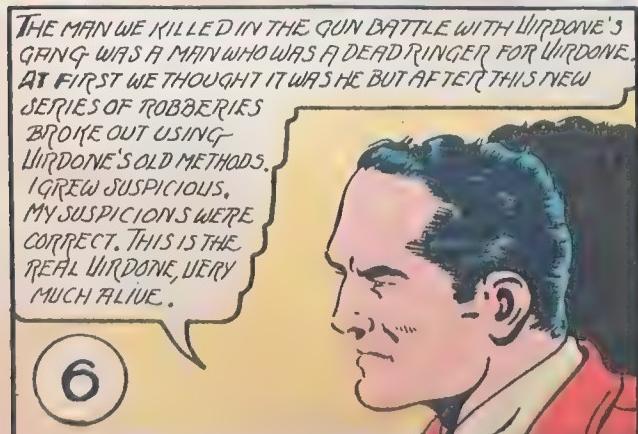
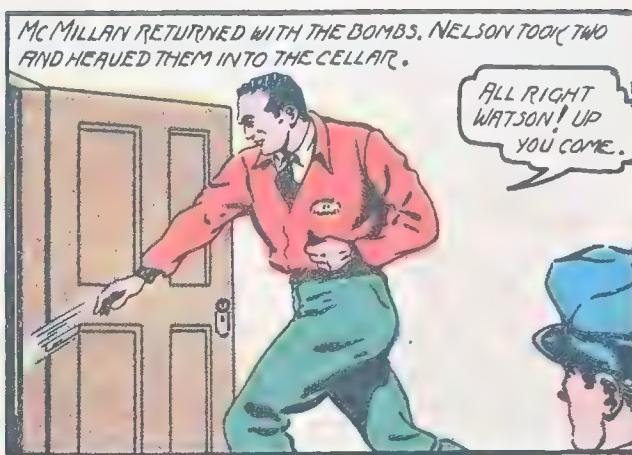
GOOD NIGHT JEFF!
HE BROKE OUT OF THE CLOSET!

WE'RE SAFE HERE. IF ANY ONE TRIES TO COME DOWN THOSE STAIRS THEY'LL BE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE DOORWAY. I CAN PUMP THEM FULL OF LEAD.



AN ANSWERING VOLLEY ECHOED UP THE STAIRS. ONE OF THE SHOTS PIERCED THE ARM OF NELSON'S WIND BREAKER BEFORE HE COULD DART TO COVER.





The End T.Y.

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-
WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE
POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES
ON THE WORK OF BEFRONTING
THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE
CRIMSON, TO ONLY HIS CHINESE
SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS
IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG
PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE

Jim Chambers

THE POWER IS SHUT OFF AND A SUBWAY PAYROLL
CAR IS ROBBED



NOT FAR FROM THE DISASTER A FIGURE CRAWLS
FROM A MANHOLE — THE CRIMSON!



ASTONISHED PEDESTRIANS RECOGNIZE HIM
AND HASTILY DRAW BACK



STAND BACK!
LET ME THRU.

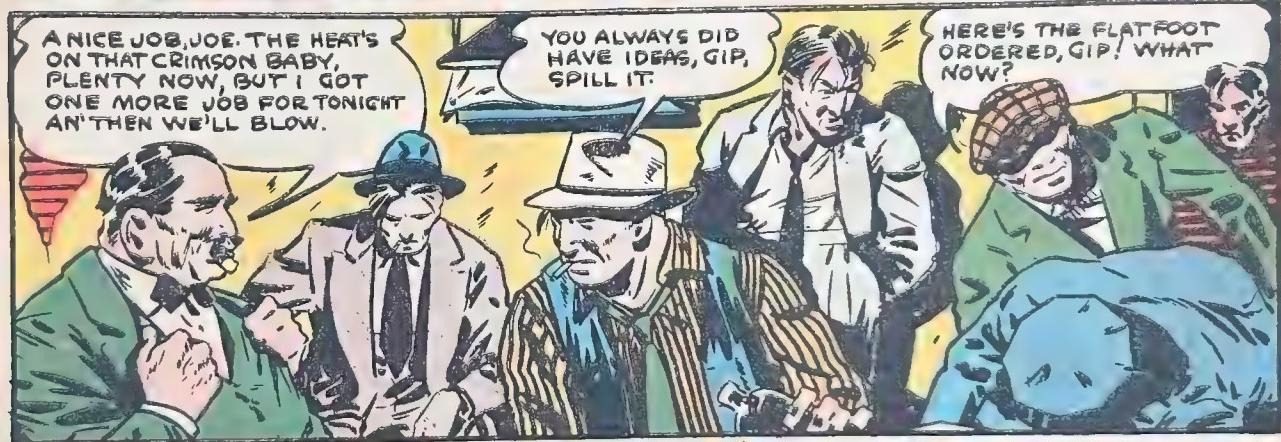


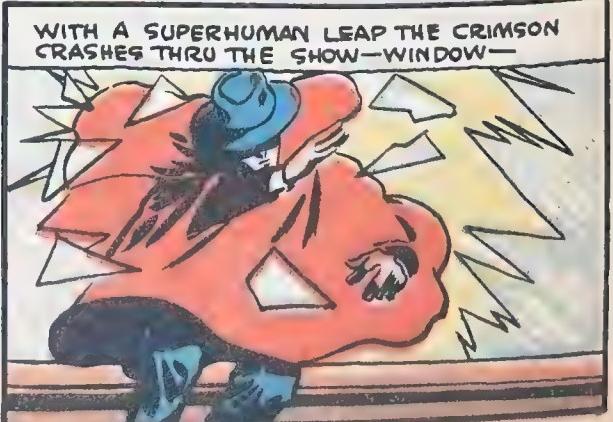
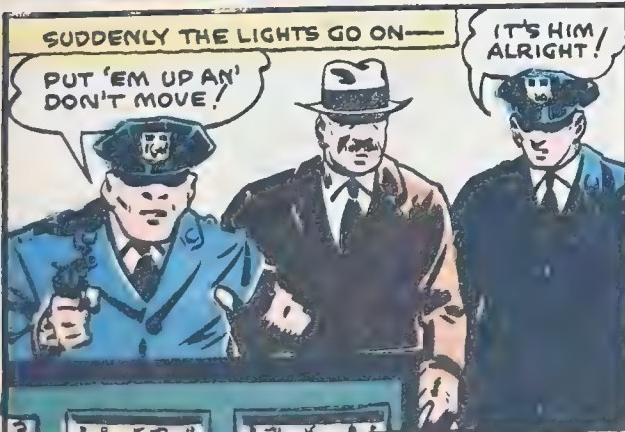
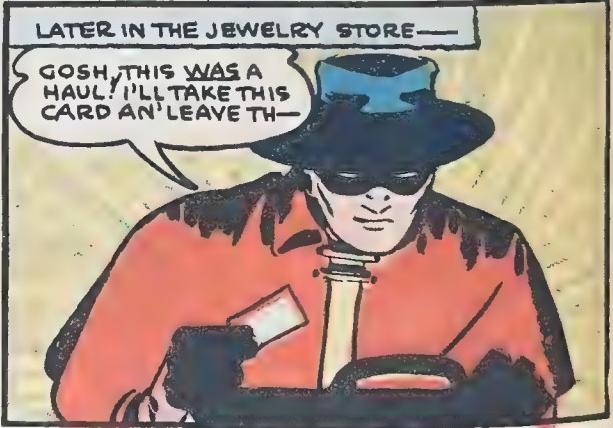
IN THE GLOBE OFFICES —

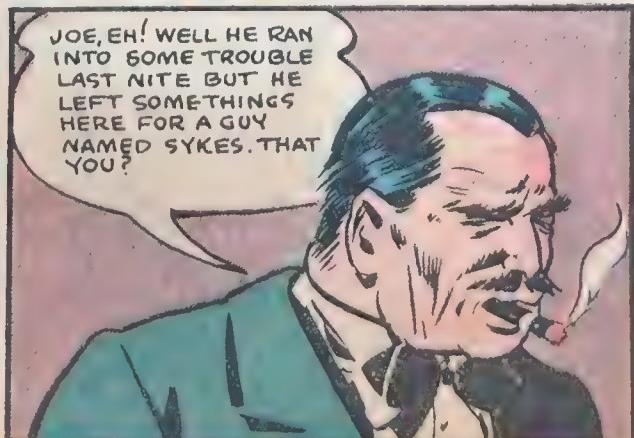
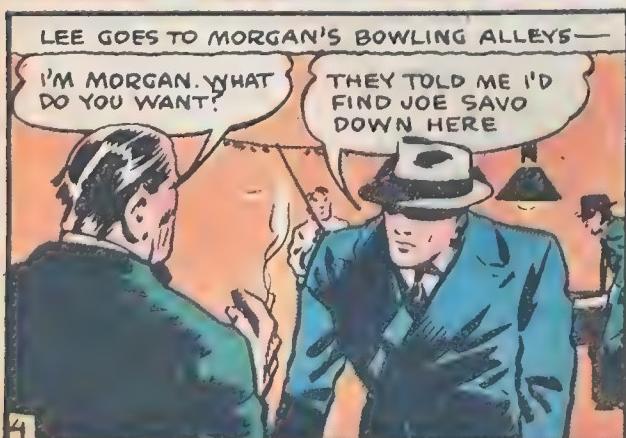
THEY'RE NOT ON THE
TRAIL OF THE CRIMSON
THIS TIME. THAT COP DIED.

THAT'S TOO BAD
AND YET I DON'T
THINK THIS IS THE
CRIMSON'S JOB!

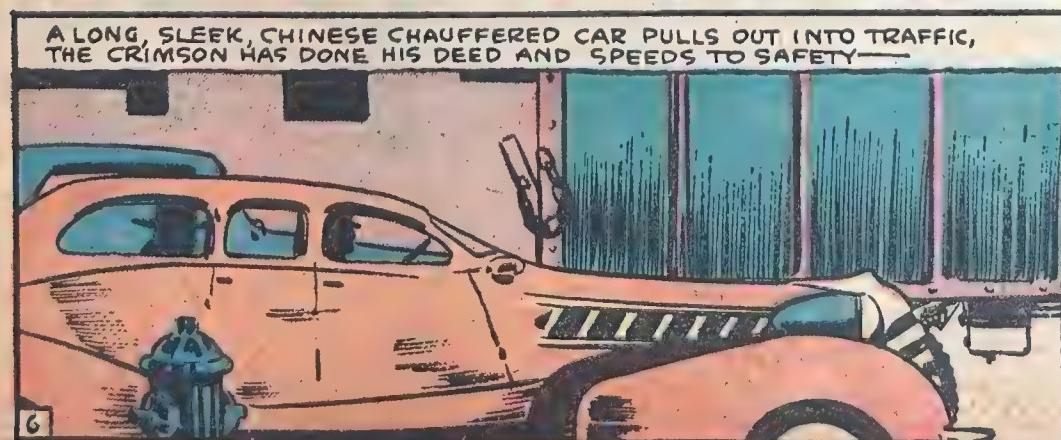
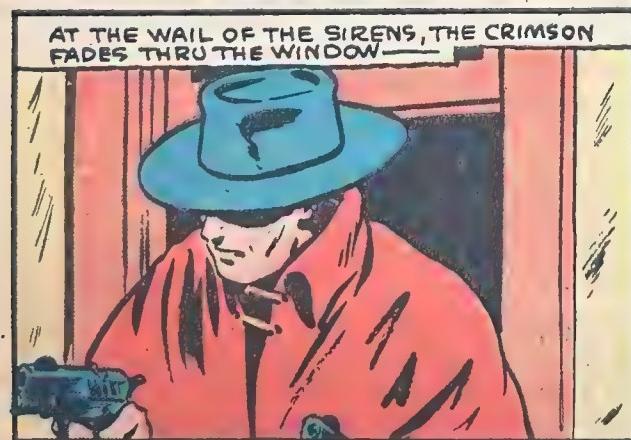












THE kindly faced, white haired gentleman, bent with age and supported by an ebony cane, approached Miss Benson's desk. The comely young lady was secretary to Henry Sumner, president of the wealthy and famous jewelry house of Halsey Bryant and Company.

"I would like to see Mr. Sumner, please," the elderly man said.

"Have you an appointment?" asked the secretary.

"Yes, indeed," the man replied. "I spoke to Mr. Sumner yesterday on the phone. We made an appointment for this morning."

"Will you have a chair and I'll see if Mr. Sumner is busy?" The young lady entered the president's private office and reappeared shortly.

"Mr. Sumner will see you immediately. Won't you step in?" Miss Benson held the door open and closed it when the aged gentleman had passed through.

Back of a large, glass topped desk sat Mr. Sumner, florid and hearty. He rose instantly and offered the white haired man a comfortable leather seat.

"I'm very happy you came, Mr. Browne," said the president. "Now tell me a bit more clearly what you wish me to do for you. You mentioned something on the phone yesterday about appraising a valuable string of pearls, is that correct?"

The old man dug into his coat and drew out a long, velvet box. "Yes, you're quite right, Mr. Sumner. This particular string has been in the family for many generations and though I feel as if I'm committing

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DISGUISE

By

Paul Dean



a grievous sin by breaking a time-honored tradition, I must of necessity dispose of it. The bonds and other investments I hold are practically worthless and these pearls are the last of a once wealthy estate. However, in this day and age one must make his own livelihood and that is why I would like to have you appraise the string to ascertain its true worth, before I place it on the market for public sale."

"May I see the string?" asked Sumner.

The elderly man opened the case and lifted out a string of beautifully matched pink pearls. Sumner took them in his hand and bent over to scrutinize them more carefully... and that was the last conscious thing he remembered for quite some time.

With a swiftness certainly not to be seen in aged persons, the white haired man grasped a blackjack from his pocket and brought it down on the back of Sumner's head. The president slumped in his chair senseless, the pearls slipping through his fingers onto the glass top of the desk.

Silently, the white haired man leaped from the desk and tip-toed across the carpet to the door. He turned the key without a sound. He crossed the floor again to the large safe that stood in the corner of the room back of Sumner's desk. A few expert twirls of the knob and presently the heavy door swung open, revealing numerous small compartments.

Very methodically, he emptied the contents of the trays on the top shelves of the safe into a thick cloth sack. There were diamonds, cut and uncut, emeralds, rubies and many

other varieties of the precious stones of the world... the whole haul being worth, in round numbers, close to \$500,000.

He replaced the trays in their pigeon-holes and closed and locked the safe. Returning to the desk, he picked up the string of pearls and dropped it in his pocket. Then taking out a small mirror, he carefully studied his facial features to see that they were as they should be. Satisfied, he took his belongings, cane, hat and gloves and walked to the door. He unlocked it as soundlessly as he had turned the key five minutes before, and stepped into the outer office.



As he was closing the door, he called back, presumably for the purpose of having Miss Benson hear: "Thank you kindly, Mr. Sumner. I sincerely trust I'll have the pleasure of doing business with you again."

He shut the door to the private office and walked slowly past the secretary's desk. He smiled kindly and wished her a pleasant good-day. Ambling down the aisle between the jewelry counters, he opened the front door and was soon lost in the stream of people moving constantly past the store.

It wasn't until fifteen minutes later that Miss Benson walked into Mr. Sumner's private office and found the president sprawled over his desk, unconscious but still breathing.



IN a small apartment in a squalid boarding house on the East side, the white haired man stood before a mirror. Towel in hand, he industriously wiped off the make-up grease and powder that had been so cleverly applied as to deceive even the closest observer of the man's real age and identity.

He pulled off the white wig and brushed his own coal-black hair into place. From his appearance he was a man in the neighborhood of thirty-five years of age, well-built and in perfect condition.

"Well, Kurt Harvey, you did right well by yourself today," he said to his smiling reflection in the mirror. "Almost half a million in gems and practically as easy as taking a breath of air. Not bad at all, for a few hours work... I'm mighty proud of you, Kurt!"

He packed all his clothes and placed the stolen jewels in a velvet-lined leather belt around his waist. The wig was destroyed by the simple method of burning it. He adjusted his tie, put on his hat and left the apartment . . . "and for good," he murmured to himself.

At the corner he called a taxi and gave the driver instructions to take him to the Imperial Steamship piers on West Street. He had purchased his ticket several months before, in preparation for just this event. On



the high seas he was virtually outside the arms of the law and once in Europe, they would never find him. He smiled proudly at his own cleverness and lit a cigarette.

He alighted at the pier, paid the driver off and made his way toward the gangplank. He was about to ascend when a hand was placed on his shoulder in a restraining fashion.

"Just one moment, Harvey," a voice said. "There are a few things we'd like to ask you!"

The color drained from Harvey's face and he spun around to stare at two grim-looking detectives. They marched him into the small customs room at the end of the pier and without further ado, proceeded to search him. They found the stolen gems in the leather belt. All the strength left Harvey's body and he sank onto a chair, completely exhausted and unnerved.

"But how did you know?" he asked the detectives. "How did you find out?"

"Very simply," one of them replied. "When you opened Sumner's safe, you left a mark on the side of the door."

"I couldn't have left fingerprints . . . I wore gloves!"

The detective laughed. "It wasn't a fingerprint . . . it was make-up powder! And from our records we knew that there are only three gem crooks who are clever enough and who have nerve enough to pull a job like the Sumner one with the aid of disguise."

"But why me?" asked Harvey. "What about the other two?"

"The other two are serving terms in prison . . . you were the only one left!" And the detective placed the handcuffs on Harvey's wrists.

THE END



Boys! EARN MONEY AND A BIKE!

FILL your pockets with cash. Earn any of 300 big prizes, including printing press, movie machine, athletic equipment, or a bicycle. How your chums' eyes will pop when you ride this new bike down the street. Comes equipped with latest accessories. Start earning prizes and making money now. It's easy. In your spare time just deliver our magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Mail coupon to start.

Mail This Coupon Now

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Dear Jim, I want to make MONEY and earn PRIZES. Start me at once.

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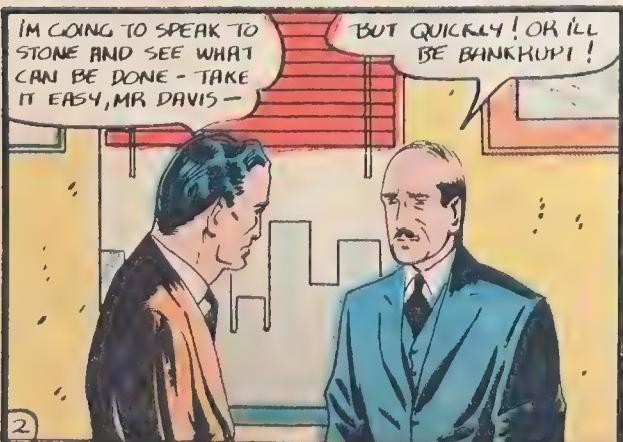
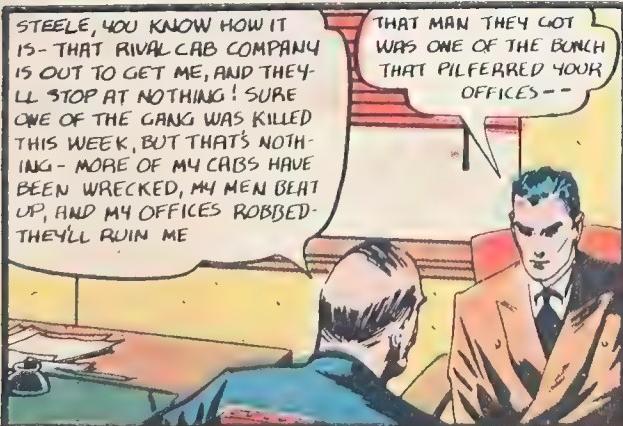


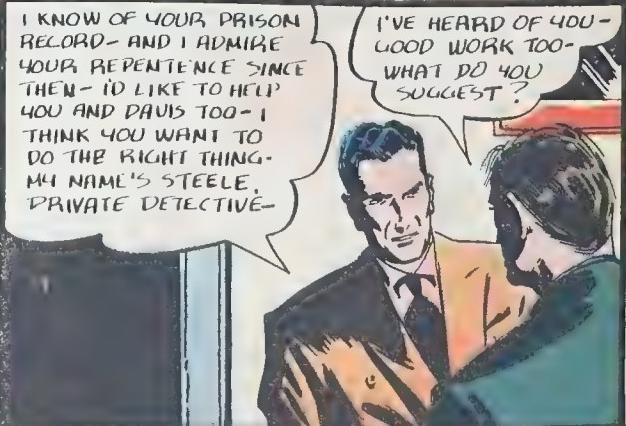
LARRY STEELE

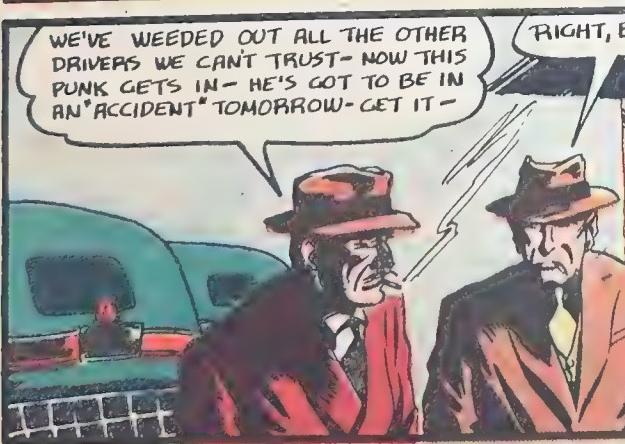
PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely











THE DRIVER OF THE DAVIS CAB TRIES TO AVOID A CRASH,
BUT TOO LATE --

CRASH!

GET 'EM
UP, YOU
RATS YOUR
GAME'S UP!

AT THAT MOMENT MORE
STONE CABS ARRIVE--
SOMEONE TAKES A SHOT
AT LARRY CRAZING HIS
ARM --

DAVIS CABS ARRIVE
MANNED BY PLAIN-
CLOTHES MEN, AND A
REGULAR STREET
FIGHT BEGINS --

IN SHORT ORDER THE ENTIRE BENSON MOB IS BEATEN
INTO SUBMISSION AND HURRIED AWAY TO HEADQUARTERS

MR STONE AND MR DAVIS,
NOW THAT YOU SEE THE
REAL CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE
I HOPE YOU CAN BE FRIENDLY
RIVALS FROM NOW ON --

SUITS ME --

THAT GOES
HERE TOO --

THOSE BIRDS OVERPLAYED
THEIR HAND, AND WHERE
THEY'RE GOING THEY
WON'T BOTHER ANYONE
FOR QUITE SOMETIME --

The Mysterious DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

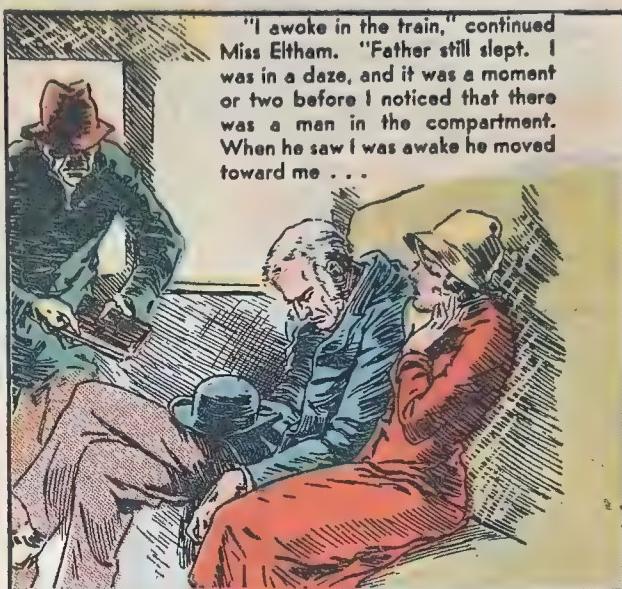
By
SAX ROHMER



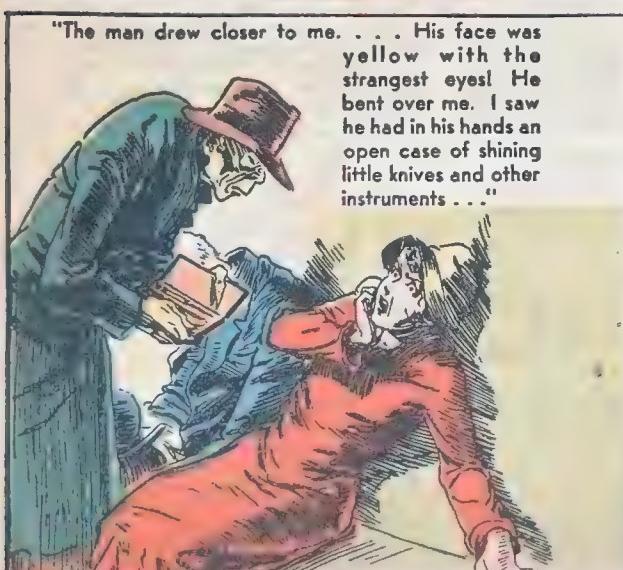
Greba Eltham told Nayland Smith about her adventure of the previous day on the train from London: "Father and I fell asleep in our compartment almost as soon as we entered the train. I thought it odd when father began to nod, and when I felt myself slipping into a doze I was frightened. But I could not keep awake . . ."



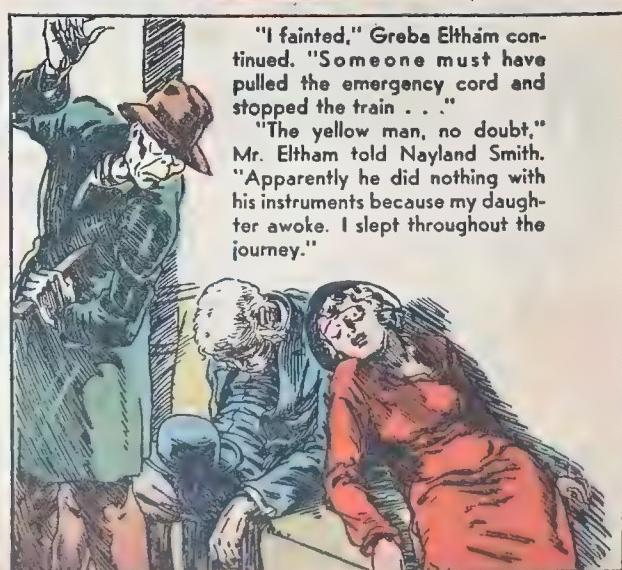
"It must have been the coffee we drank in the station," broke in Mr. Eltham. "We were drugged. I emptied my cup, but Greba barely touched hers, she told me afterward, because of the awful taste . . ."



"I awoke in the train," continued Miss Eltham. "Father still slept. I was in a daze, and it was a moment or two before I noticed that there was a man in the compartment. When he saw I was awake he moved toward me . . ."



"The man drew closer to me. . . . His face was yellow with the strangest eyes! He bent over me. I saw he had in his hands an open case of shining little knives and other instruments . . ."



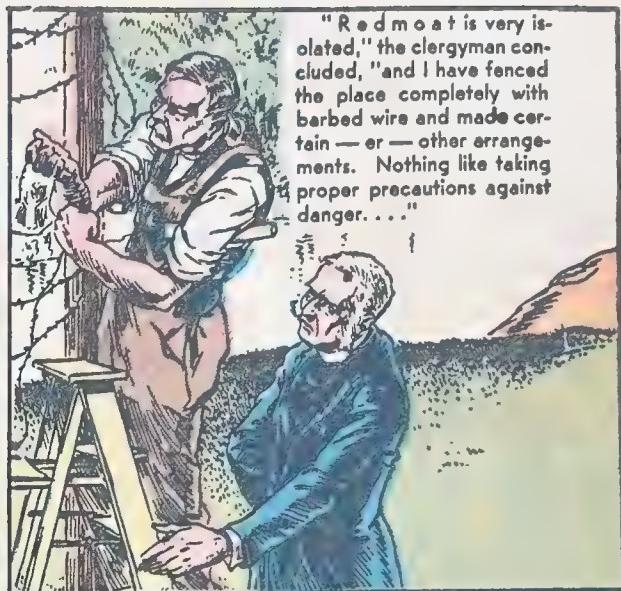
"I fainted," Greba Eltham continued. "Someone must have pulled the emergency cord and stopped the train . . ."

"The yellow man, no doubt," Mr. Eltham told Nayland Smith. "Apparently he did nothing with his instruments because my daughter awoke. I slept throughout the journey."

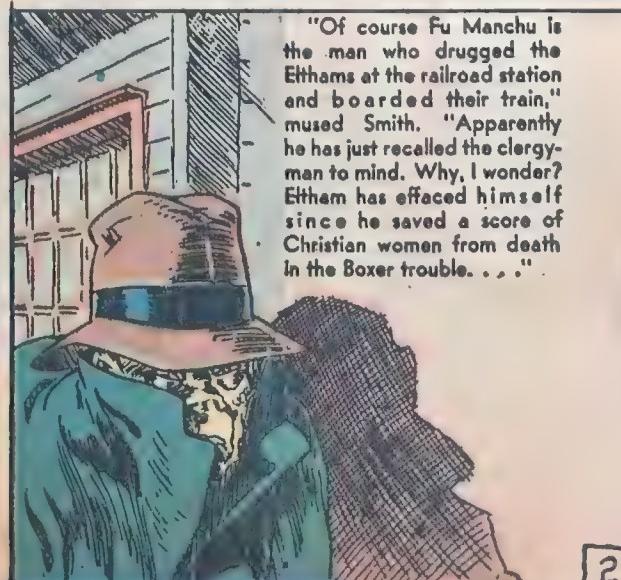
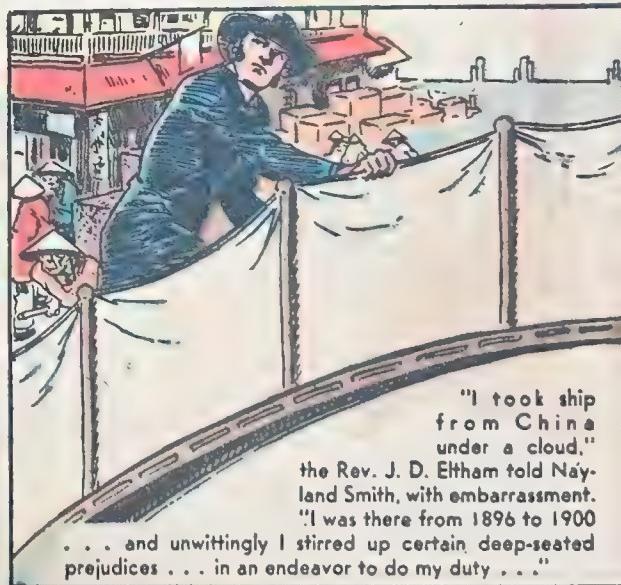


"And very wisely, sir," interjected Smith.

"There had been a series of attempted burglaries here at Redmoat, and this train episode alarmed me further," Mr. Eltham explained nervously.



Suddenly Nayland Smith pointed a finger at Mr. Eltham and demanded:
"How long were you in China?"





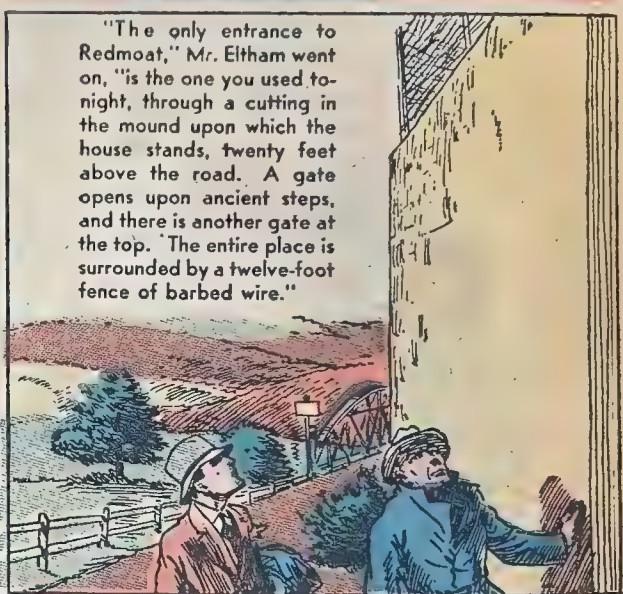
"What Eltham is up to now," continued Nayland Smith, pacing the floor, "I have yet to find out, Petrie. He is keeping something back — something that has made him an object of interest to Young China and therefore to Fu Manchu. . . ."

"J. D. Eltham . . ." I began, dimly remembering.
"Is 'Parson Dan,'" rapped Smith, "the 'Fighting Missionary', who with a garrison of a dozen cripples and a German doctor held the hospital at Nan Yang against two hundred Boxers!"

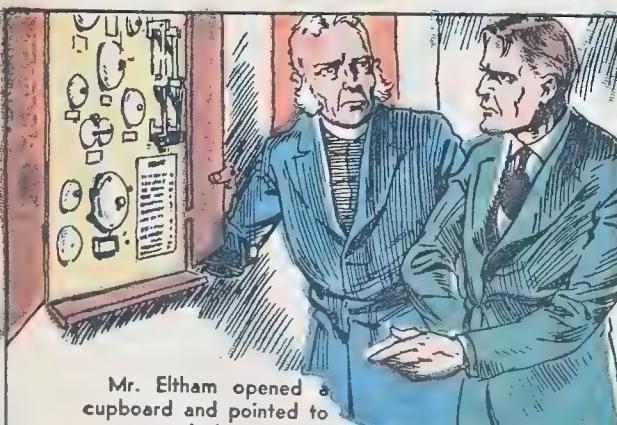


In the library after a very pleasant dinner, at which we were joined by Vernon Denby, Eltham's nephew, the clergyman stood upon the hearth rug and pronounced:

"Redmoat has lately become the theater of strange doings."



"The only entrance to Redmoat," Mr. Eltham went on, "is the one you used tonight, through a cutting in the mound upon which the house stands, twenty feet above the road. A gate opens upon ancient steps, and there is another gate at the top. The entire place is surrounded by a twelve-foot fence of barbed wire."

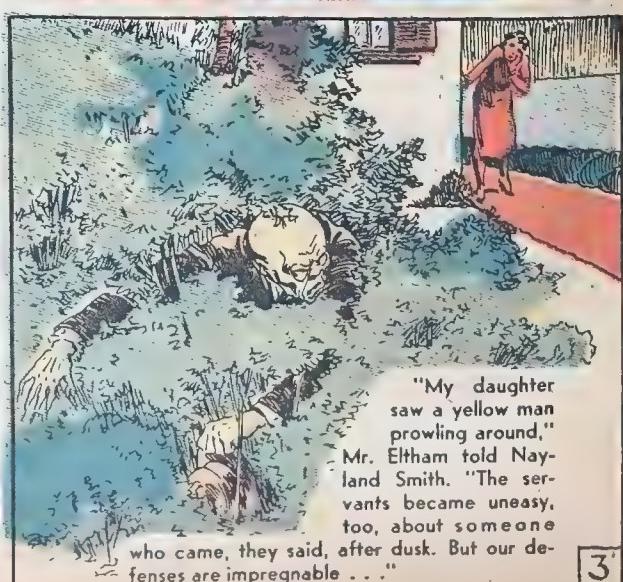


Mr. Eltham opened a cupboard and pointed to an array of electric bells.

"Here are my secret defenses, put in after our burglar scare of a year ago. An attempt to scale the wire or force the gates sets a bell ringing . . ."

Smith interrupted sharply:

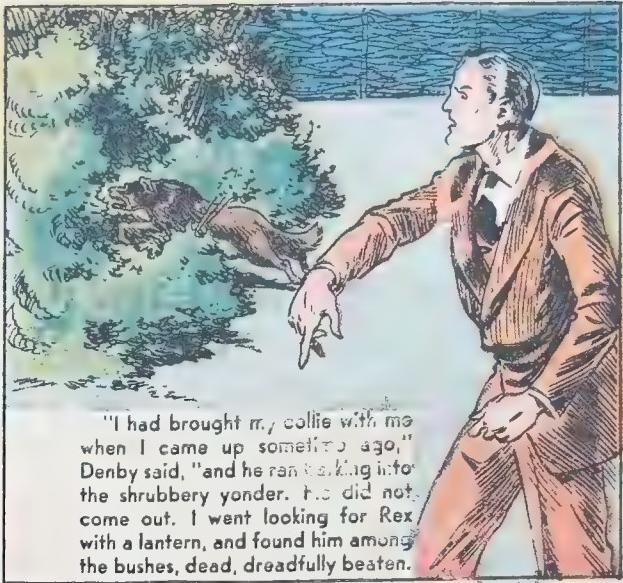
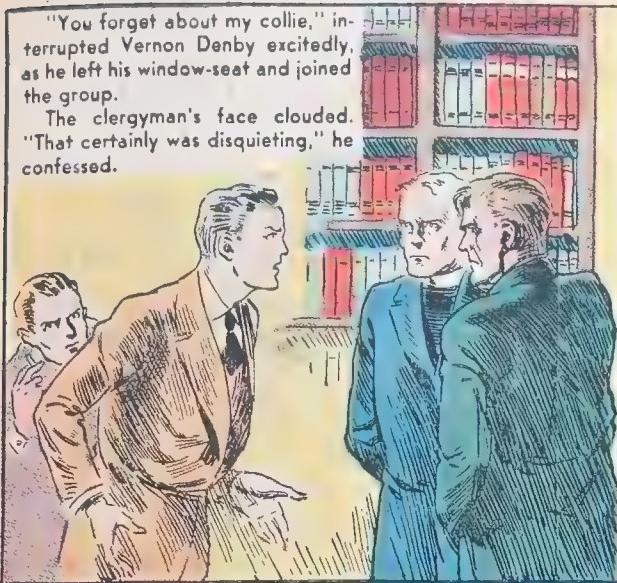
"It wasn't the burglar's visit that caused these precautions! What was it?"



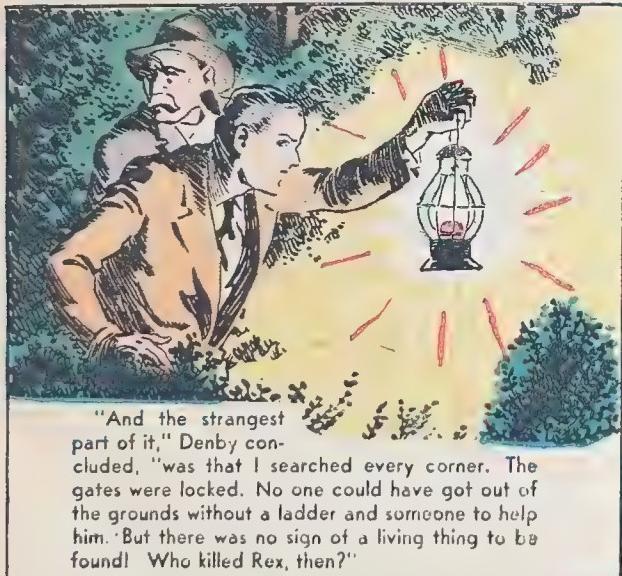
"My daughter saw a yellow man prowling around," Mr. Eltham told Nayland Smith. "The servants became uneasy, too, about someone who came, they said, after dusk. But our defenses are impregnable . . ."

"You forgot about my collie," interrupted Vernon Denby excitedly, as he left his window-seat and joined the group.

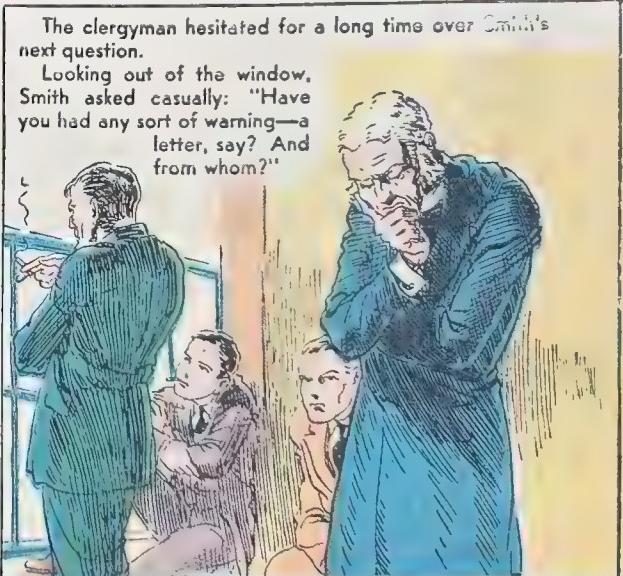
The clergyman's face clouded. "That certainly was disquieting," he confessed.



"I had brought my collie with me when I came up sometime ago," Denby said, "and he ran barking into the shrubbery yonder. He did not come out. I went looking for Rex with a lantern, and found him among the bushes, dead, dreadfully beaten."

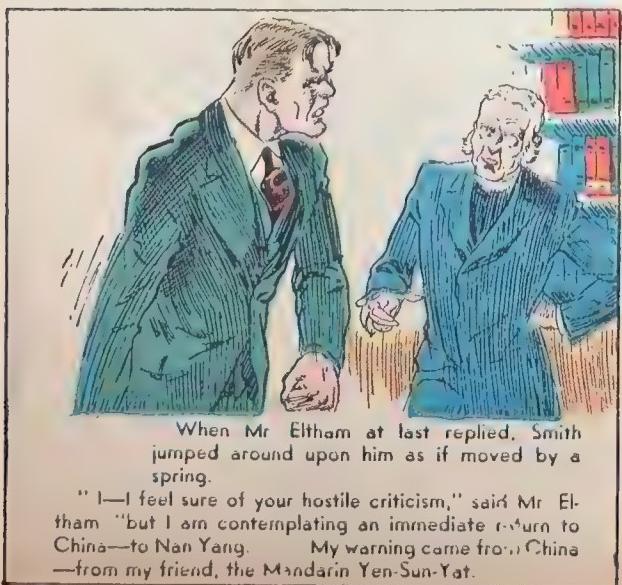


"And the strangest part of it," Denby concluded, "was that I searched every corner. The gates were locked. No one could have got out of the grounds without a ladder and someone to help him. But there was no sign of a living thing to be found! Who killed Rex, then?"



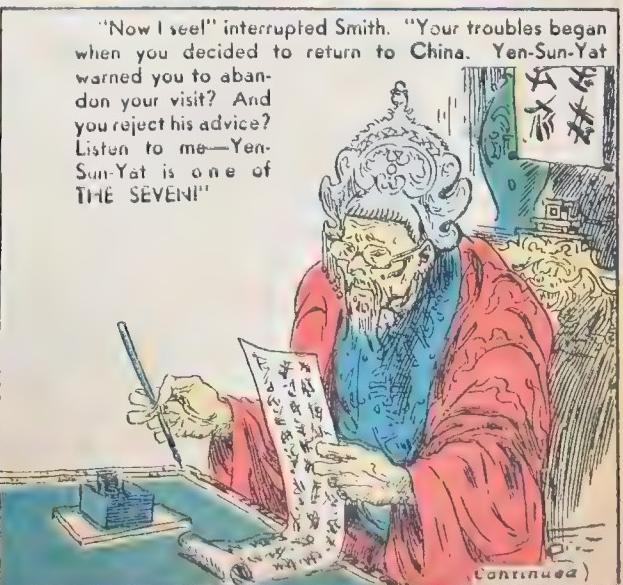
The clergyman hesitated for a long time over Smith's next question.

Looking out of the window, Smith asked casually: "Have you had any sort of warning—a letter, say? And from whom?"



When Mr Eltham at last replied, Smith jumped around upon him as if moved by a spring.

"I—I feel sure of your hostile criticism," said Mr Eltham, "but I am contemplating an immediate return to China—to Nan Yang. My warning came from China—from my friend, the Mandarin Yen-Sun-Yat."



"Now I see!" interrupted Smith. "Your troubles began when you decided to return to China. Yen-Sun-Yat warned you to abandon your visit? And you reject his advice? Listen to me—Yen-Sun-Yat is one of THE SEVEN!"

(Continued)

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JAMAICA'S NEW ISSUE

British "New Reign" postage paper was largely responsible for making 1938 the fourth most productive year in postal history. By this time, of course, all major dominions and colonies have entered their contributions in this class of stamps, but there are still sufficient new issues coming through to give 1939's world output considerable boost.

Jamaica, "Queen of the Antilles", is the latest British colony to make its postal bow to King George VI. Fourteen values make up the new set featuring many scenes on the island, which is the largest and most important of the British West Indies.

The ½ pence green, 1p red and 1½p brown are portrait stamps, and each of the higher values bears a profile portrait of the king in the upper left, except for the 10 shilling value which has the portrait centered.

Briefly, the designs are as follows: 2 pence green and gray-black—Coco palms; 2½p ultramarine and green—Castleton; 3p green and blue—banana plantation; 4p dark green and brown—orange grove; 6p violet and brown—view on Priestman's River; 9p brown—Kingston Harbor; 1 shilling light green and red-brown—sugar plantation; 2sh ultramarine and dark brown—bamboo walk; 5sh ochre and blue—scene on island; 10sh dark green—coat of arms.

A description of Jamaica written by an eye-witness (which we regret to say we are not) reads like an account of Utopia. Scenery of unrivalled loveliness, delightful climate, exceptionally fine facilities for motoring, fruit so abundant that the merest exertion is sufficient to stave off hunger. Surely enough inducement to make one dash forthwith to the nearest tourist office and procure tickets for a Jamaican visit. A desire that will be greatly heightened when you see the new stamps—a thought that may not have been far from the designer's mind.

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BOY SCOUT SET AND TRIANGLE

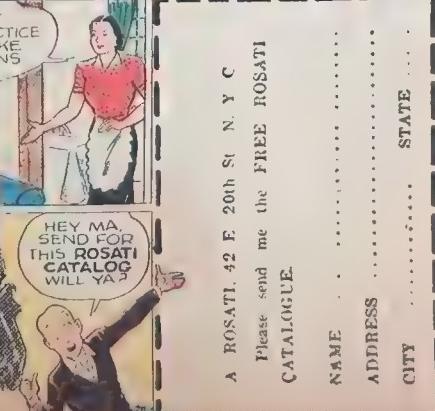
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THE BATMAN! This new thrilling adventure strip starts in the May issue of **DETECTIVE COMICS!** Don't miss it!

CLEO AND CLANCY

BY BOB KANE





COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

◆ ◆ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN ◆ ◆

THE FREIGHTER 'CORAL SEA' IS HEAVILY GUARDED AS AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE IN GOLD BARS IS BEING LOADED FOR A SECRET ORIENTAL DESTINATION.



UNDER COVER OF NIGHT THE SHIP SLIPS OUT OF NEW YORK HARBOR



HE CALLS CAPTAIN ROBERTSON.



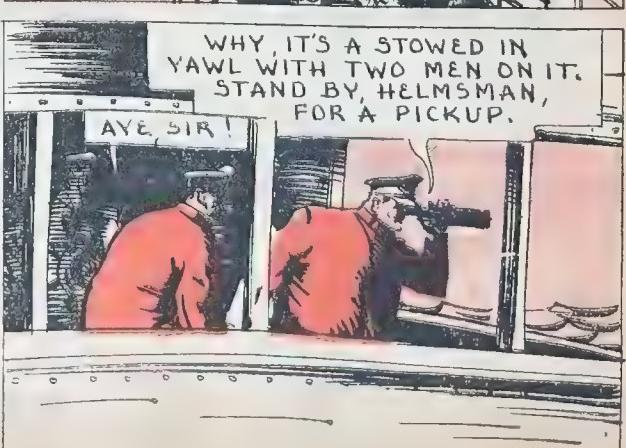
THE PASSENGERS BOOKED ARE CLOSELY CHECKED ON.



BEFORE DAYBREAK THE LOOKOUT ESPIES FLARE SIGNALS FAR ABEAM.



WHY, IT'S A STOWED IN YAWL WITH TWO MEN ON IT. STAND BY, HELMSMAN, FOR A PICKUP.



THE TWO MEN ARE QUICKLY TRANSFERRED TO THE WARM INTERIOR OF THE SHIP.



CAPTAIN ROBERTSON ASKS TO SEE YOU IN HIS CABIN, GEMMEN



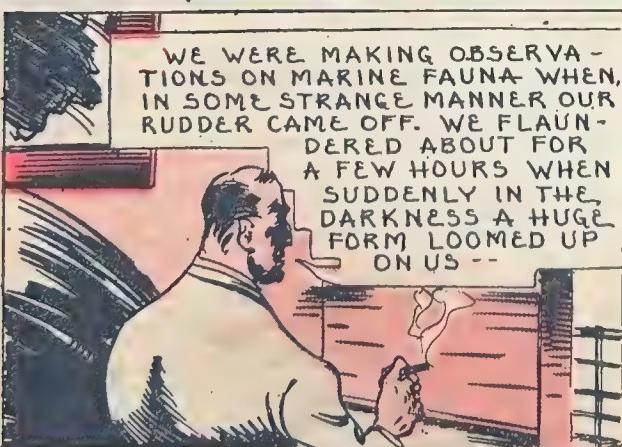
I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU SAFE. BUT, WHAT HAPPENED? WERE THERE ANY OTHERS?



WE ARE GREATLY INDEBTED TO YOU CAPTAIN ROBERTSON - FORTUNATELY THERE WERE NO OTHERS - I AM DOCTOR MARSTON - THIS IS MY COLLEAGUE, RAOFL BARDOU



WE WERE MAKING OBSERVATIONS ON MARINE FAUNA WHEN, IN SOME STRANGE MANNER OUR RUDDER CAME OFF. WE FLAUNDEDERED ABOUT FOR A FEW HOURS WHEN SUDDENLY IN THE DARKNESS A HUGE FORM LOOMED UP ON US -



BEFORE WE COULD RAISE A WARNING THE PROW OF THE BIG SHIP CRASHED THRU OUR CRAFT LIKE A CRATE AND CONTINUED ON, EVIDENTLY UNAWARE OF THE MISHAP.



WE ARE BOUND FOR SINGAPORE AND I'M AFRAID YOU WILL HAVE TO REMAIN WITH US UNTIL THERE. I SHALL RADIO NEW YORK OF YOUR RESCUE.



THANK YOU, SIR. PERHAPS THE VOYAGE WILL BE MOST BENEFICIAL TO US.

WE SHALL ENJOY IT, CAPTAIN.

THAT NIGHT TWO FIGURES MOVE STEALTHILY ABOUT THE SHIP.

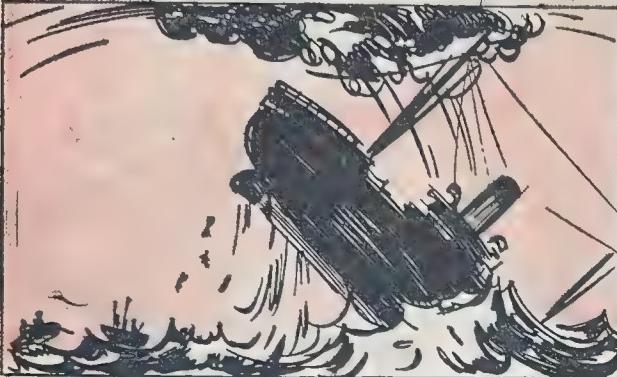
EASY NOW, DAN, ANOTHER HALF HOUR AND WE'LL BE THE RICHEST MEN IN THE WORLD



A LITTLE LATER A DEAFENING ROAR
THROWS THE SHIP HIGH ON ITS BEAM END.



SWIFTLY THE GREAT BULK CAREENS,
THEN DIVES BELOW THE WAVES -



HEADLINES, RADIOS, TELEGRAPHHS FLASH
THE DISASTER AND RESCUE.



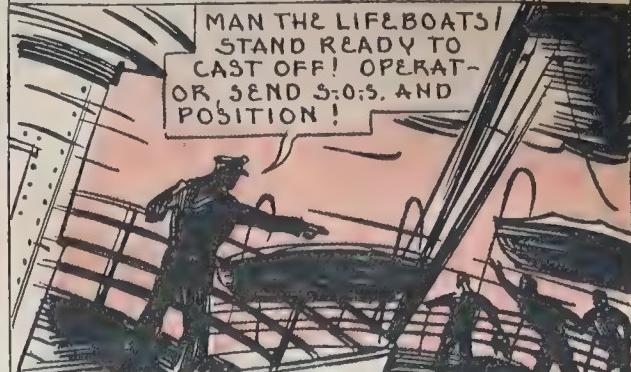
NEXT MORNING COSMO CALLS ON THE
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MISTER CLYDE
WOULD IT INTER-
EST YOU TO RE-
COVER THE LOST
GOLD?

WHAT! \$0 MILLIONS?
WHOEVER CAN RAISE
THE SUNKEN GOLD
WILL BE MADE INDE-
PENDENT FOR LIFE.

WILD CONFUSION FOLLOWS - THE CAP-
TAIN BARKS ORDERS TO HIS MEN.

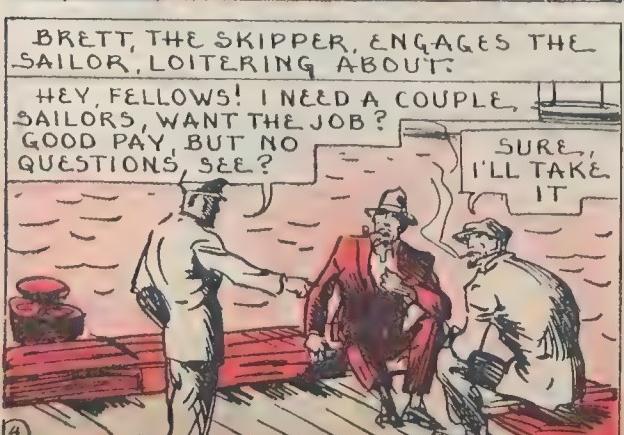
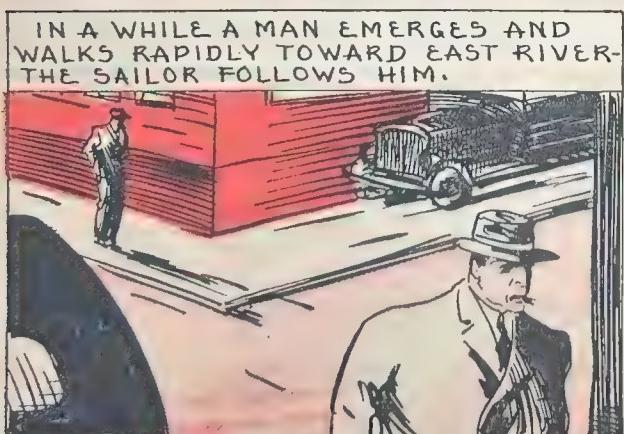
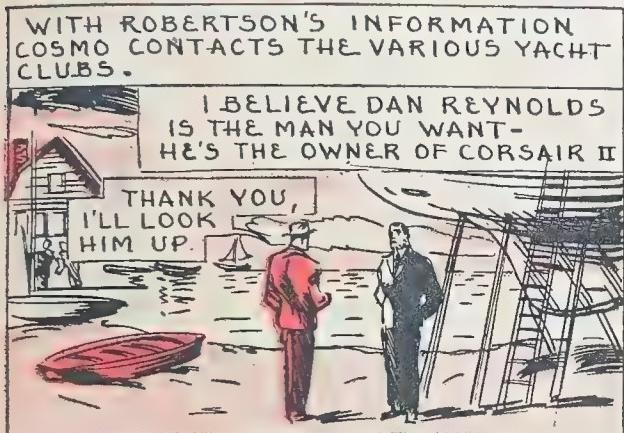
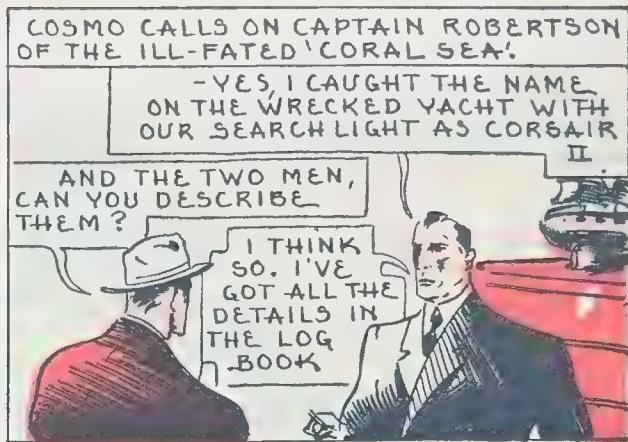
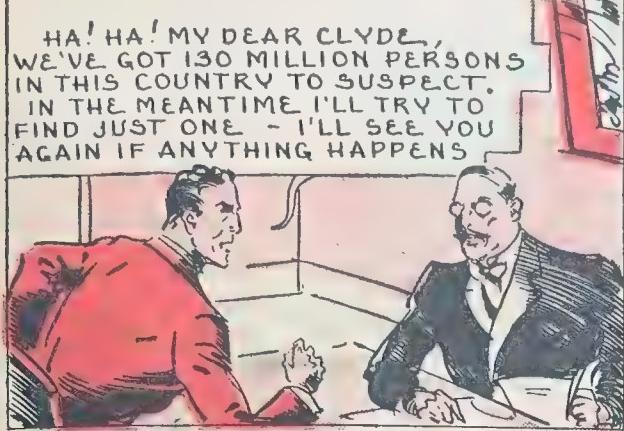


BUT RACING FROM THE SCENE A POWERED LIFE BOAT CUTS FOR SHORE. IN IT ARE TWO MEN AND THE CARGO OF GOLD.



COSMO READS THE NEWS WITH GREAT
INTEREST.





TOWARD EVENING THE BOAT APPROACHED A DENSELY WOODED SECTION OF LONG ISLAND.



TWO SMALL BOATS SET OUT FOR SHORE.



ALRIGHT, STEP ON IT AND GET THESE CASES ABOARD.



WHEW! THEY'RE HEAVY - WHAT'S IN THEM?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS



NOW MEN, WE'RE BOUND FOR THE ORIENT. STICK WITH US AND YOU'LL MAKE A SMALL FORTUNE EACH WHEN WE GET THERE -



THE ROUGH LOOKING SAILOR IS COSMO, DISGUISED.

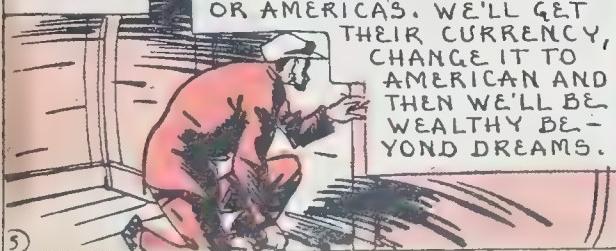
WELL, THESE ARE THE BIRDS, ALRIGHT - NOW THO, HOW BEST TO GET THEM IN?



CAUTIOUSLY HE CREEPS UP TO THE MAIN CABIN AND LISTENS -

BUT DAN, HOW'LL WE GET RID OF THIS HOT STUFF?

BAH! BRETT! THE ORIENTALS WON'T BOTHER WITH QUESTIONS WHERE WE GOT THE GOLD. WE COULD NEVER DUMP IT IN EUROPE OR AMERICAS. WE'LL GET THEIR CURRENCY, CHANGE IT TO AMERICAN AND THEN WE'LL BE WEALTHY BE-YOND DREAMS.



SUDDENLY THE BOAT LURCHES AND COSMO FALLS AGAINST THE DOOR.

HEY! - WHAT THE--?

WHY!!?



REYNOLD GOES FOR HIS GUN AS BRETT SWINGS ON COSMO.



COSMO DUCKS AND THROWS BRETT IN FRONT OF HIM FOR A SHIELD.



AS REYNOLD JUMPS FOR HIM COSMO KICKS OVER THE LANTERN.



A GRIM BATTLE ENSUES.



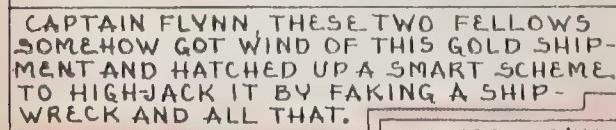
THE DIN OF BATTLE AND GUN PLAY BRINGS THE CREW ON THE RUN.



HERE, YOU FELLOWS! TURN BACK TO PORT - OR YOU'LL GET A DIFFERENT KIND OF REWARD WHEN THE COAST GUARD PICK US UP. AND PUT THESE TWO MUTTS IN IRONS -



ASHORE COSMO SUMMONS THE HARBOR POLICE.

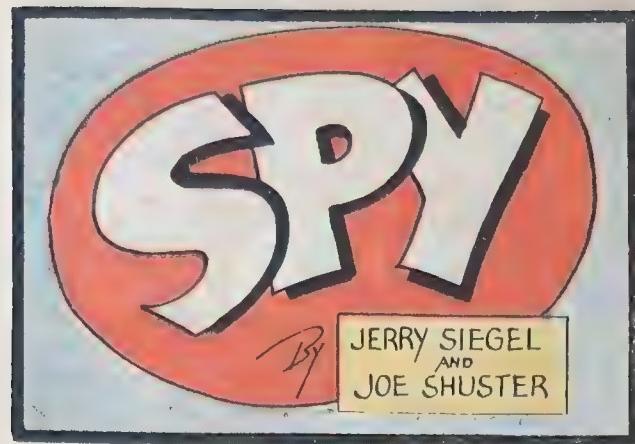


COSMO CALLS ON BANKER CLYDE.

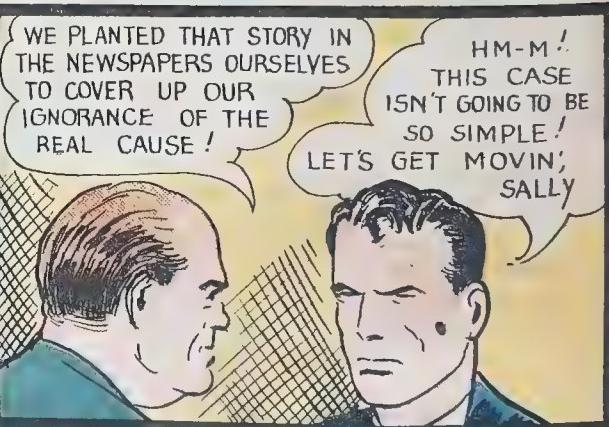


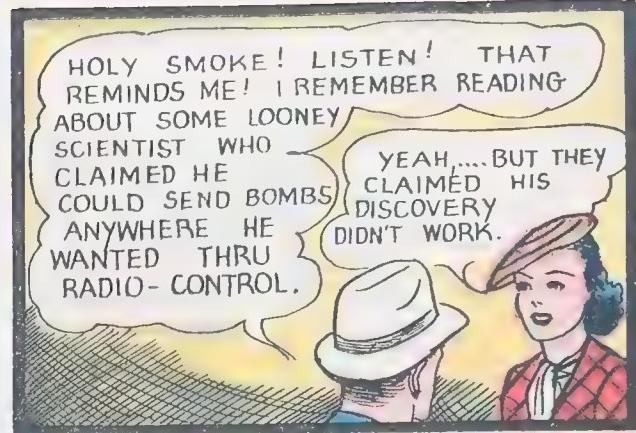
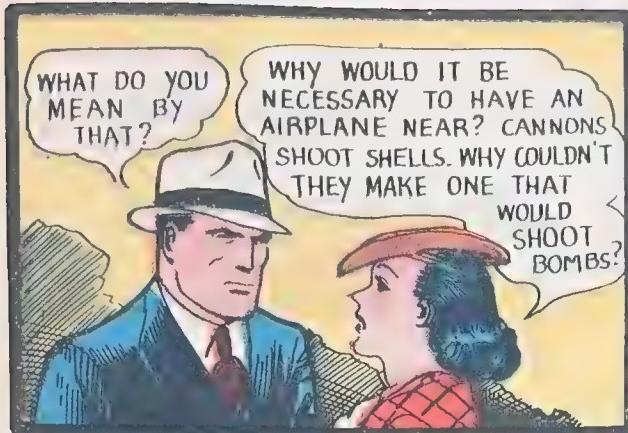
WELL, CLYDE, WHAT SAY ABOUT THAT WILD OFFER OF INDEPENDENCE FOR LIFE, NOW?

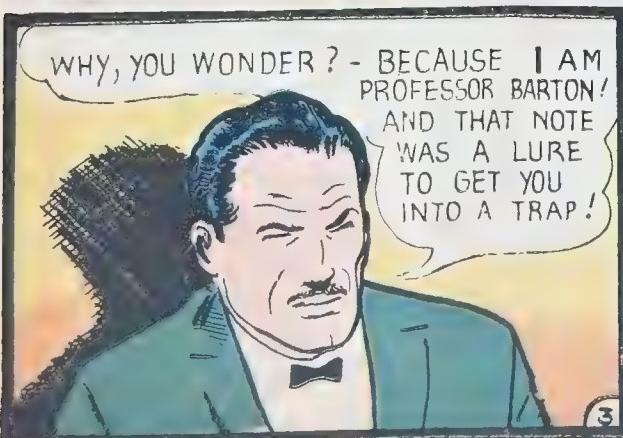


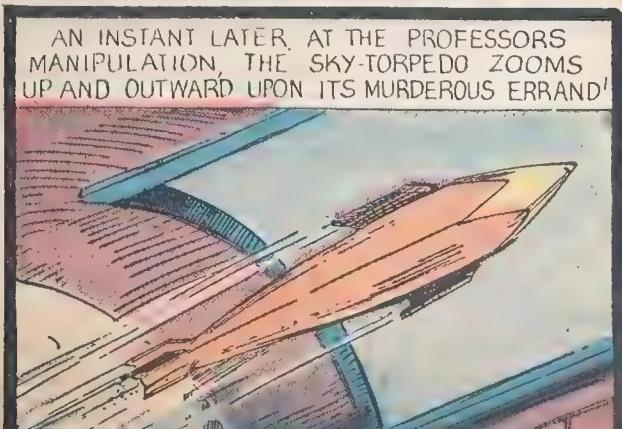
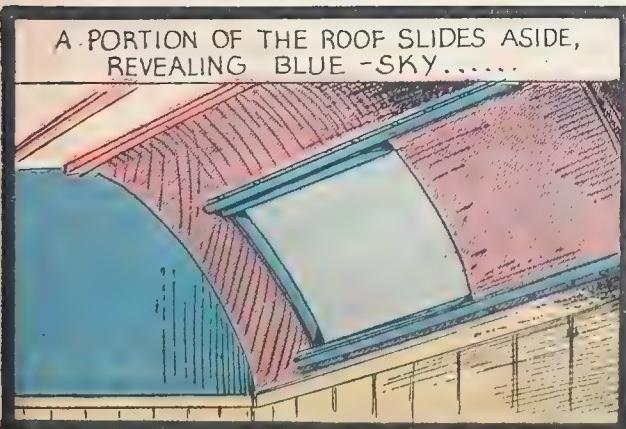


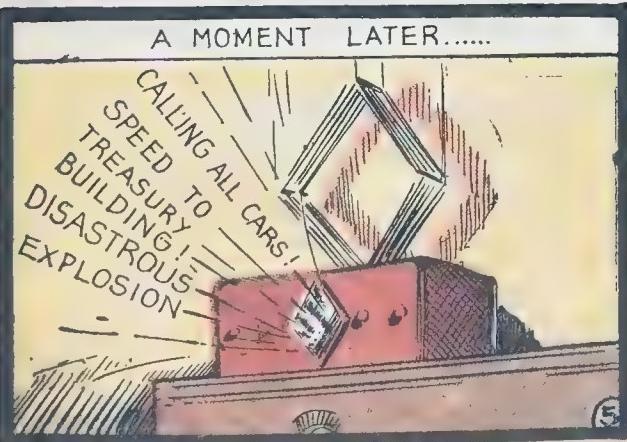
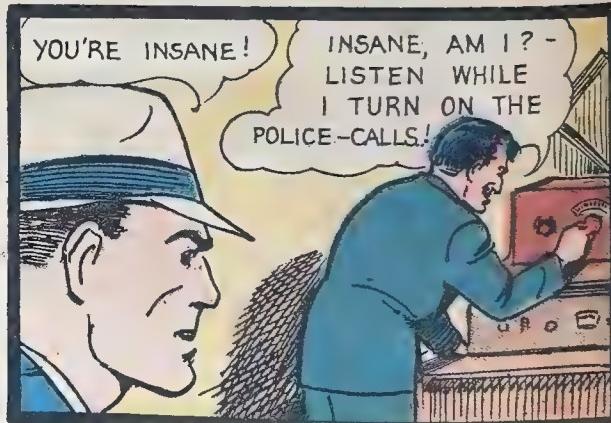
AT EXACTLY 7:00 P.M., THE U.S. CONGRESS BUILDING IS DESTROYED BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.....

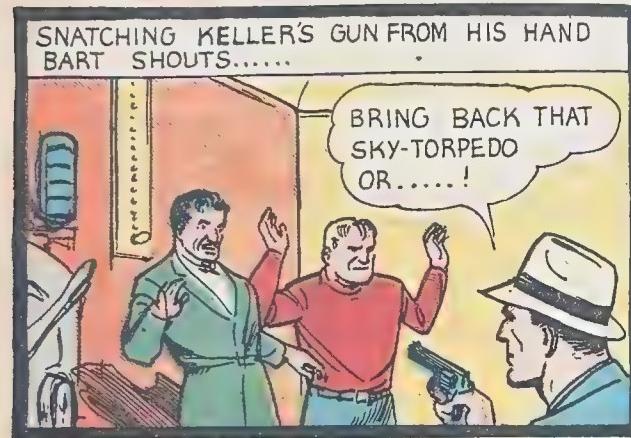












SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR
AND THE
BASKETBALL MYSTERY

BY FRED GUARDINEER

SPEED HAS BEEN CALLED ON THE PHONE BY MANNIX, MANAGER OF THE FAMOUS ROYALS BASKETBALL TEAM. MANNIX IS VERY MYSTERIOUS AND TELLS SPEED TO COME TO THE ARENA RIGHT AWAY. SPEED LEAVES HIS HOTEL AND...



AS SPEED STOPS FOR A RED LIGHT A PLUG-UGLY THREATENS HIM...

KEEP OUTA THIS, SAUNDERS!



LATER AT MANNIX'S OFFICE

SAUNDERS, WHAT HAPPENED? LET ME TAPE THAT NASTY CUT!

SOMEONE'S WORRIED ABOUT MY INTEREST IN BASKETBALL... LET'S WATCH THE GAME - AND YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT.



THE ROYALS ARE PRACTISING FOR THEIR GAME WITH THE TIGERS...

SO YOU THINK ONE OF YOUR REGULAR FORWARD WAS BOUGHT OFF, MR MANNIX?

YES, EITHER JOHNSON OR MULLER. WATCH AND SEE!



THE GAME GETS UNDERWAY -

AND WHO IS BEHIND THIS, MANNIX?

I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S FARO FLEMING, THE BIG GAMBLER LOOK, THERE HE IS NOW!



FARO FLEMING COOLY WATCHES THE GAME...



THE CROWD IS IN AN UPROAR AS THE TEAMS BATTLE FURIOUSLY...



IT IS A FAST EXCITING GAME WITH
THE SCORE TIED IN THE LAST
MINUTE AT 33-33!



JOHNSON AND MULLER ARE
FREE! JOHNSON PASSES -
MULLER MISSES!



THE TIGERS TAKE THE BALL, PASS SWIFTLY
DOWN THE COURT AND SCORE - THE
WHISTLE BLOWS! FINAL SCORE:
TIGERS 40, ROYALS 38!



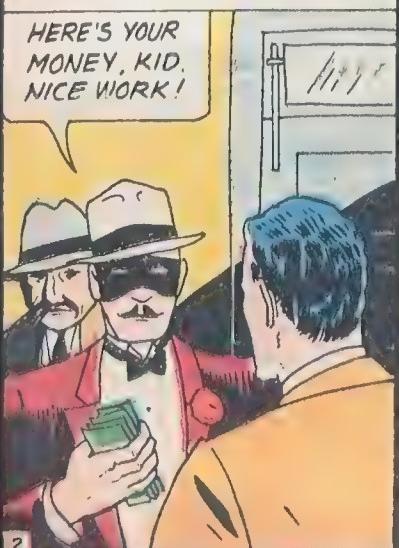
DID YOU SEE THOSE TWO
ON THAT LAST PASS?
I'LL HAVE THEM BOTH
SUSPENDED -

NO, I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
YOU KNOW I PLAYED
BASKET BALL AT
COLLEGE. LISTEN...



LATER - IN A HOTEL ROOM...

HERE'S YOUR
MONEY, KID.
NICE WORK!



... AND KEEP YOUR
SECRETARY, SMITH,
IN THE DARK. I THINK
HE TIPPED OFF THAT
THUG WHO SLUGGED
ME - -

OKAY,
SPEED.
IT'S
YOUR
PARTY!



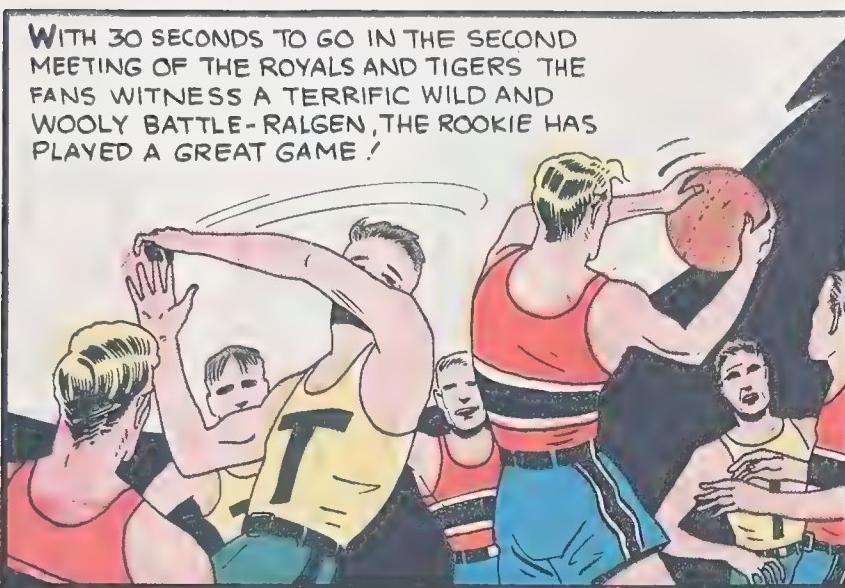
IN THE NEXT MORNING'S PAPER

ZBYSZKO IN
HALF AN HOUR
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BASKETBALL NEWS
MANNIX BRINGS UP
A NEW ROOKIE PLAYER,
SPEED RALEIGH IN AN
EFFORT TO WIN DECID-
ING GAME WITH TIGERS.

K.O.'S FEATURE BATTLE
AT 'HIP'
THE FEATURED BOUT
BOUGHT TOGETHER JOE
OTZ AND DYNAMITE
ANGELO OF BROOKLYN
RECORD 19 STRAIGHT
FOR TWO YEARS,
IZZY SCHMID,

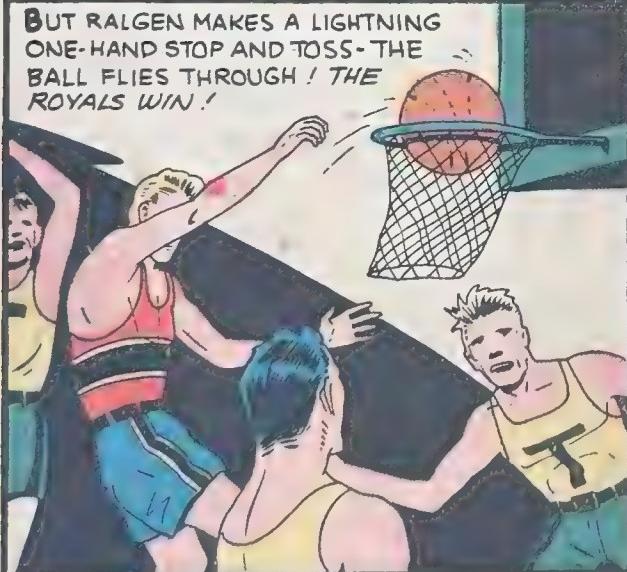
WITH 30 SECONDS TO GO IN THE SECOND MEETING OF THE ROYALS AND TIGERS THE FANS WITNESS A TERRIFIC WILD AND WOOLY BATTLE - RALGEN, THE ROOKIE HAS PLAYED A GREAT GAME !



JOHNSON AND RALGEN ARE FREE - JOHNSON PASSES - IT IS WILD !



BUT RALGEN MAKES A LIGHTNING ONE-HAND STOP AND TOSS - THE BALL FLIES THROUGH ! THE ROYALS WIN !



YES MANNIX. IT WAS JOHNSON. HE PASSED WILDLY, MAKING THE REST OF THE TEAM LOOK BAD.

I SEE ! AND HOW ABOUT FARO FLEMING ?



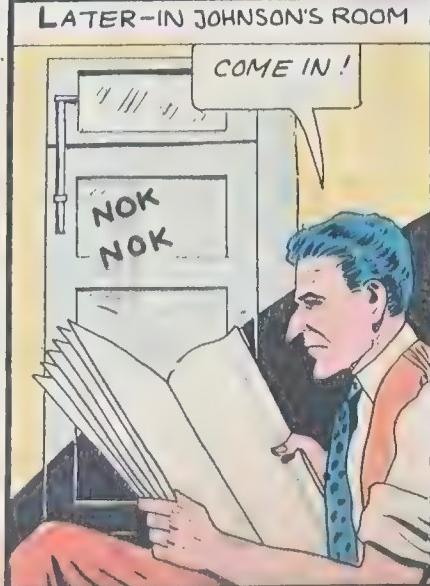
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM TONIGHT

GOOD LUCK, SPEED...



LATER - IN JOHNSON'S ROOM

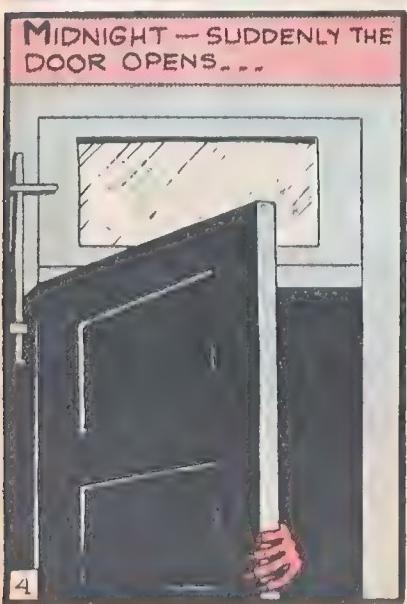
COME IN !



WHO ARE YOU ?

SPEED SAUNDERS IS THE NAME. I THINK I'LL WAIT FOR FARO FLEMING TONIGHT !







SPEED KNOCKS PUGS OUT, BUT FARO RUNS OUT THE ROOM -



PREPARED FOR THIS SITUATION SPEED TIES A ROPE TO THE RADIATOR AND DESCENDS OUT OF THE WINDOW -



MEANWHILE FARO HAS GONE DOWN TO THE MAIN FLOOR AND IS CALMLY LEAVING THE HOTEL - MINUS HIS MASK !



BUT FARO IS FOILED BY THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE AS THE EVER-ALERT DETECTIVE POUNCES ON HIS PREY -



SPEED'S BONE - SHATTERING RIGHT PUTS FARO FLEMING IN THE LAND OF DREAMY DREAMS !



TAKE HIM, OFFICER - MR. MANNIX WILL CHARGE HIM LATER. JOHNSON AND THE GUNMAN ARE UPSTAIRS...

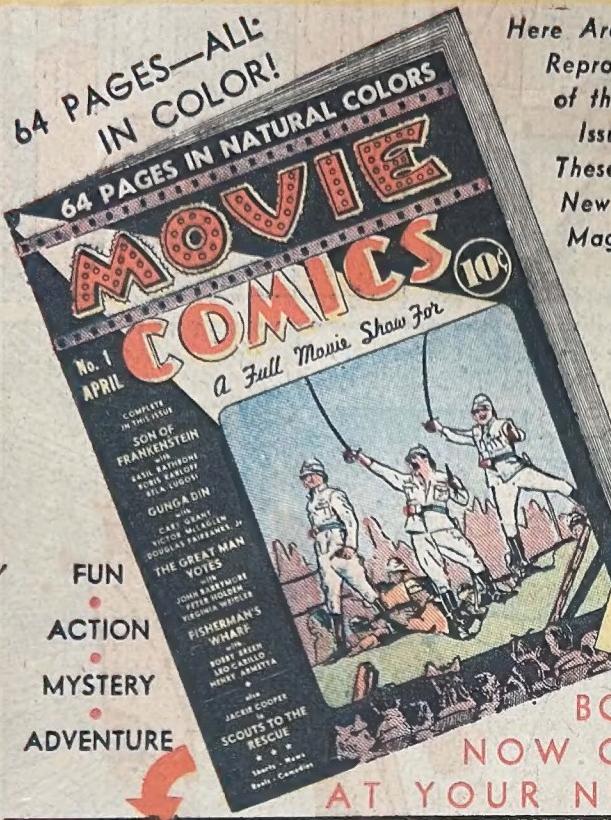


YES, MR. MANNIX,
IT WAS FARO -
AND SMITH, YOUR
SECRETARY, WAS
HIS INSIDE
MAN !

QUICK
WORK
SPEED -
AND
THANKS
A LOT !



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SON OF FRANKENSTEIN
with
BASIL RATHBONE
BORIS KARLOFF
BELA LUGOSI

GUNGA DIN
with
CARY GRANT
VICTOR MCLAGLEN
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

THE GREAT MAN VOTES
with
JOHN BARRYMORE
PETER HOLDEN
VIRGINIA WEIDLER

FISHERMAN'S WHARF
with
BOBBY BREEN
LEO CARILLO
HENRY ARMETTA

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

JACKIE COOPER in
SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE

SHORTS — NEWS REELS — COMEDIES

THE ONLY COMIC MONTHLY WITH ALL YOUR FAVORITES!

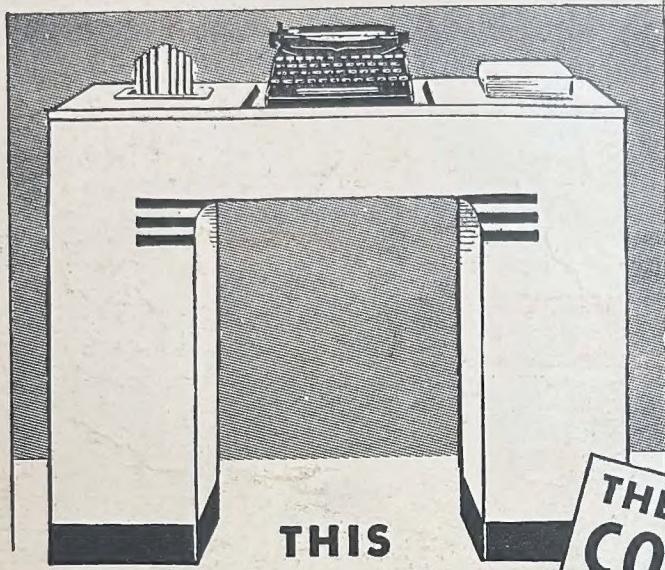
Mutt & Jeff, Ben Webster, Tippie, Reglar Fellers, Skippy, Toonerville Folks and Scribbly—and a host of new friends you'll like, including H. C. Claudy's "Mystery Men of Mars," Hop Harrigan, Bobby Thatcher, Spot Savage, Magic and Puzzle Pages, Stamp and Sport Features.

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This is a scan of a page from 'The Big Book' magazine, specifically page 59. The page is filled with numerous small advertisements for various novelty items. At the top right is a large red price tag with the number '59'. The main headline reads 'Completely Electric - 2 Way Phones' and 'Only 15000 Sets Are Available At This Special Half-Price Offer'. Below this are several smaller ads for different products like a 'Mysto Plane', 'Boomerang', and 'WONDERFUL X-RAY 10c'. The central feature is a large, detailed illustration of a 'PRINTING PRESS' with the price '\$2.98'. To the left of the press is an ad for 'Live Chameleon' with the price '25¢'. Further down the page are ads for 'Marriage License 10c', 'Beautifull Blond Wigs 35¢', 'COMPLETE CAMERA OUTFIT 25¢', 'ELECTRIC MOTOR 15¢', 'Correspond with a French Girl 25¢', 'Ready-to-Fly Airplanes 15¢', 'Mystic Stamp Outfit 10¢', 'ITCHING & SNEEZING POWDER 10¢', and 'Moving Picture Projector 35¢'. The bottom right corner features a large 'THROW YOUR VOICE' section with various sound-related items like a 'Ventriloquism Dummy' and 'Climbing Glove Monkey Dummy'.

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SUPERSCAN

and friends